

August 8, 1936

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

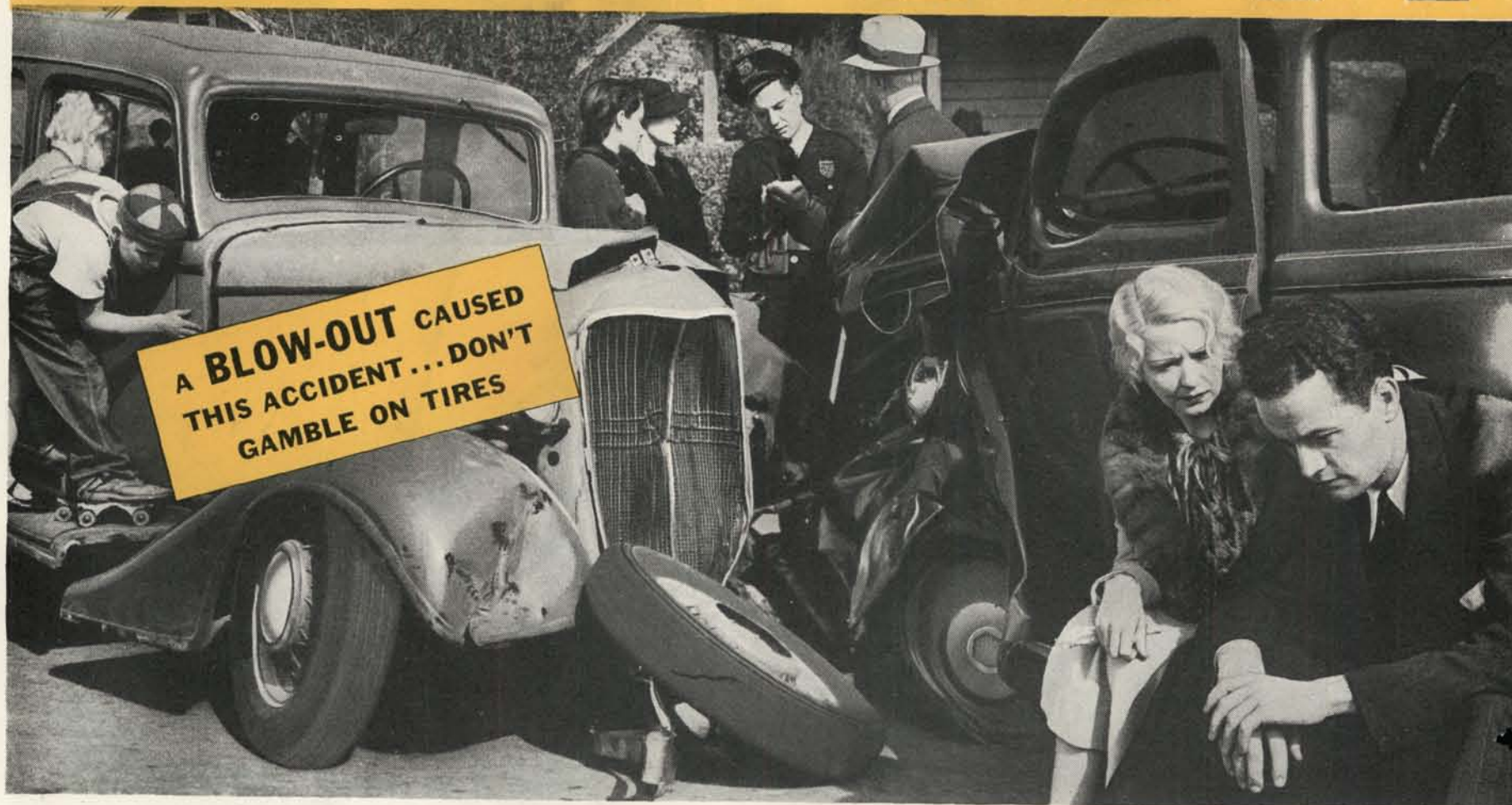
RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

Kathleen Norris Kyle Crichton Roarke
Quentin Reynolds John T. Flynn Dai

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LOOK OUT!



PLAY SAFE WITH THE ONLY TIRES THAT GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



Mother: "It wasn't your fault, son. I know how carefully you drive."

Son: "If I had only been as careful about my tires as my driving we might not have had a blow-out."

* * *

Why wait until *after* a blow-out wrecks your car, ruins your vacation, gives you and your family the "scare of your life" to switch to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns?

You've carried insurance for many years and nothing has happened, but you wouldn't think of being without it. Don't be without real blow-out protection, either. You need it every time you sit behind the wheel. Because today's high speeds generate terrific heat *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER. You get no warning until BANG!

A blow-out. And you need more than driving skill to keep off the "accident list."

To give motorists *real* blow-out protection, Goodrich engineers invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist heat. By resisting internal tire heat, this amazing Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

No extra cost

With Silvertowns on your car you'll not only enjoy greater safety—greater riding comfort, but you'll also get months of extra trouble-free mileage. And remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns *cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*

Here's a Most Amazing TUBE TEST!



Four well-known makes of tubes were cut in half. To each half we spliced half of a Goodrich Gold & Black Tube. These spliced tubes were put in tires and caused to go flat at 40 miles per hour. On removing tubes, the Gold & Black sections were unharmed; the other sections ripped to shreds. Put Gold & Black Tubes in *all* your tires.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection



I TOOK A LAXATIVE AND
IT WORKED, YET I STILL
FEEL HALF-SICK. I'M LOSING
OUT ON ALL THE FUN!

IF YOU'D ONLY TAKEN WHAT
I TOOK—SAL HEPATICA. IT
MADE ME FEEL LIKE A MILLION
DOLLARS. YOU SEE, IT'S THE
LAXATIVE THAT COMBATS
ACIDITY, TOO.

Vacation warning!...a laxative is not enough... **you must COMBAT ACIDITY, too!**

VACATION—planned all year—can be spoiled so easily. Too much sun, unaccustomed foods, a change of water—and you're half-sick... in need of a laxative.

Well, your choice of a laxative can mean a lot to you.

Take an ordinary laxative and you'll get laxative action only. For ordinary laxatives are not designed to combat the acidity that usually lingers after constipation. Your groggy, sickish feeling is apt to hang on.

But try *Sal Hepatica*! This mineral salt laxative not only cleanses the intestinal

tract—gently, quickly, thoroughly—but brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its healthy alkaline reserve.

Just two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water and soon you feel peppier, more alive, ready for all the fun vacation can bring.

Don't lose precious vacation days this year feeling logy. Pack *Sal Hepatica* in your suitcase, so you can pack a lot of good times into every single day!

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight" featuring Stoopnagle and Budd and hopeful amateurs. Every Wednesday night—N.B.C.—coast to coast.



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

Next Week

EVER since John Hamilton led his guerrilla raid into Cleveland and kidnaped the Republican party, leaving its old folks in a state of polished agitation, there has been a steady stream of emissaries pouring into Topeka. "Listen, Mr. Landon," they say. And, with charts and graphs, with vehemence and conviction, with prophecy and oratory, they tell Mr. Landon what must be done.

Walter Davenport, loitering beneath the elms in Capitol Park, watched them come and heard their eloquence. "Listen, Mr. Landon," they said. And Mr. Davenport saw the man in octagonal spectacles alertly cock his gray head and listen.

IT SEEMS silly that a man who could find the skull of the oldest known mammal buried under the earth for sixty million years should not be able to find an elevator in a very modern department store. Yet that was Alec Baldwin's situation just before he stumbled upon the Perfect Home and found inside it "The Perfect Hostess." His rapid romance is told by Edward Shenton.

ON AUGUST 12th the sleepy little town of Goshen, New York, will be the center of the sporting world. Horse lovers from all over the country will throng there to see the running of the Hambletonian, greatest of trotting races. "Racers in Harness" awakens especial enthusiasm, first, because they're a simon-pure American institution and, secondly, because there's never been a hint of skulduggery. Quentin Reynolds takes you to see.

IN THE narrow, hot jury room where the tobacco smoke curled and twisted through the bars of light, a girl's life was at stake. The jury stood eleven to one for conviction, and Mr. Mildmay, the one dissenting voice, didn't know why he believed her innocent. In a tensely dramatic short story David Hoadley Munroe shows you how a murder was solved by a jury.

WHEN the Saturnal, two days out of Shanghai, smashed her tail shaft and stabbed herself in the side, her young skipper and her young chief engineer were ready to murder each other. But they had to save the ship first. In "Dames Are Funny" Jacland Marmur shows you the drama that went on behind a thin and bulging wall of steel.

FRANK CONDON writes the love story of a radio enthusiast. There will be contributions by Kathleen Norris, Kyle Crichton, Frank J. Taylor, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster and others. All set?

This Week

August 8, 1936

Cover by Ralph E. Entwistle

THOMAS WALSH

Callahan's Revenge. The love story of a man filled with too much pride. Page 7

MATT TAYLOR

Down at the Office. Crazy with the heat—but all for the best. Page 10

JOHN T. FLYNN

Fixed for Life. Social Security in action. Page 12

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Lou Louder, by Damon Runyon. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Left Turn. Southpaws tee off. Page 15

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Bread into Roses, Part II. Confidences in mid-Pacific. Page 16

EDWARD SHENTON

The Delicate Tess. The tender romance of a seagoing hot-dog stand. Page 18

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Easy to take. Page 20

FRANK J. TAYLOR

Beauts and Saddles. Easterners on Western trails. Page 21

ROARK BRADFORD

Medicine Man. Black magic. Page 22

ERNEST HAYCOX

Trouble Shooter, Part VIII. In trouble. Page 24

KYLE CRICHTON

Stage Entrance. Miss Peggy Conklin, up from the chorus. Page 26

GEORGE CREEL

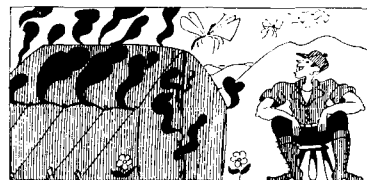
What's Misbehavior? Judges brought to trial. Page 27

EDITORIAL

After the Ball. Page 50

Any Week

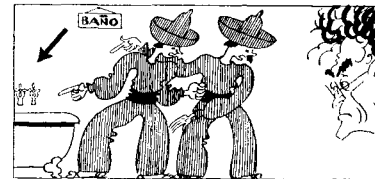
AGAIN we come rushing to your assistance. This time we have the help of Mr. John W. Nestler of Tampa, Florida, so you see it's all right. When you go camping you will doubtless have a mosquito or so in your tent at night. This is very bad in that it might keep you awake. But here's what to do—according to Mr. Nestler: "First, crumple a fistful of newspaper in a frying pan. Second, scatter two fistfuls of green leaves over the paper. Third, set paper on fire, go outside, close tent flaps and leave them closed about an hour. Fourth, remove frying pan, open tent flaps until tent is sufficiently aired, then close. The smoke kills mosquitoes but odor does not linger." We verified Mr. Nestler's recipe through two well-known mosquito baiters, who added only that if the newspaper should have a solid page of pictures of political candidates driving tractors, dedicating bridges, shaking hands with orphans, kissing infants and pointing to the Stars and Stripes you don't have to burn it. Just hang it up.



EVERY week an honest woman who sells doughnuts calls at the home of Mrs. A. C. Mickelson of Hollywood, Florida. One day, between doughnuts, the woman and Mrs. Mickelson got to talking politics. "And I," said the doughnut woman, "am going to vote for this other fellow just to see. Like last election we got Roosevelt and look what a lot of good he did. He sure was a wonderful man. I wonder if this other fellow's as fine as Mr. Roosevelt, so I'm going to vote for him."

MISS VIOLET CARMANY of Toronto, Ontario, gazes across the international border yearningly. "Maybe," says she, "we Canadians made a mistake when we greeted those suggestions that we join the states with such coldness. Your looming elections have such a bargain-counter look about them. Being a woman, I'm more than interested. You have one candidate who is promising to put everybody to work, another who says he's going to take care of them whether they work or not, a third who promises to make work unnecessary, a fourth who is bent upon abolishing work entirely. Up here all we have are a couple of old-fashioned parties that can't work and a share-the-wealth outfit in Alberta that won't work. God must love you Americans."

AND pretty pointedly Mr. L. L. Foley of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, informs us that "Owen P. White to the contrary, there is a bathroom in the Hotel Vega at Tamazanchale, Mexico. And anyone except Owen P. White would have found it."



WHICH opens the way for Mr. Arthur D. Goarn of St. Louis, Missouri, to state that he stopped in a hotel in western Arkansas not long ago. Business, says Mr. Goarn, was pretty bad, but so was the hotel. He got to talking to the proprietor, who asked him what he might do to buck up trade a bit. Mr. Goarn suggested tactfully that the place might be made a trifle more "homelike." "But," protested the innkeeper, "what would be the use? Nobody wants to live here." So Mr. Goarn gave up. "What's the use arguing with a guy who's as right as that?" asks Mr. Goarn.

QUITE a number of you have written to us about that knitting cowboy on the cover of our June 27th issue. For a while we intended to ignore the whole thing. That cowboy was knitting a sock. He was using two needles instead of three or four. Moreover he had begun knitting at the toe. All of that's wrong, of course. But we don't see what the excitement's about. Out on the lone prairie he had no one to guide him.

THE whole broad subject of Peace has been given a thorough going-over by Mr. James T. Bradway of Troy, New York. No jumper at conclusions is Mr. Bradway. In the event of war he would "put Congress literally on wheels and move them to the front-line trenches, where, 'mid shot and shell, they could pursue their deliberations while constantly reminded of what they had voted for." Of course, some of them might get shot. But, Mr. Bradway concludes, "this would be a good lesson to them."

MR. R. T. MCCOOL of Chicago, Illinois, says that one of the survivors of the AEF was complaining bitterly to him about the size of his bonus—only \$300. "But," soothed Mr. McCool, "if you'd been in longer you'd have got more." "Sure," replied the veteran, "but they didn't notify me that they needed me until along toward the end."

HOW lucky we had him!



Back Seat Riders Please Note

IT'S A SORT OF THIRD DEGREE this big Plymouth spring is getting...giving up its secrets so that folks who ride in the rear seats of Plymouth cars will be just as comfortable as those in front.

This is an unusual spring...made of Amola steel...specially developed to combine extreme flexibility with great strength. The machine shown here enables engineers to test various metallurgical alloys in spring form...and so to determine what alloy will give you springs that *ride* best.

'Great engineering perfected the springs of the 1936 Plymouth...to produce the restful Floating Ride. The flexible strength of Amola steel makes possible Plymouth's balanced front-and-rear spring action. And this synchronized, or "balanced"

spring action, along with balanced weight, is what *floats* you over the bumps...as smoothly in the back seat as up in front!

So tests like this one...and others to show how springs stand up...and special studies in metallurgy...and punishing road tests...go on continually. They make sure that the springs on the Plymouth car are the best that can be built...so that the owner gets full benefit of this important engineering advance in riding comfort.

This spring test is just one of the many...by engineers, good workmen, inspectors...that result in people saying, "This Plymouth is so comfortable it spoils me for any other low-priced car!" **PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.**

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Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest . . . and offers terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for \$25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—to all Chrysler, Dodge and DeSoto dealers—terms that make Plymouth easy to buy. Prices of the 1936 Plymouth begin at \$510, list at factory, Detroit (special equipment extra).

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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PAUL WHITEMAN, *Dean of modern American music* . . . and his orchestra! Symphonic arrangements of the latest dance hits. Ramona sings a novelty number . . . Jack Teagarden contributes a hot trombone specialty. A sparkling demonstration of banjo virtuosity by Mike Pingatore . . . Roy Bargy makes a piano talk . . . the King's Men show how a Whiteman quartet can give a touch of originality to a familiar song! The Woodbury program . . . brought to you by Philco with thrilling naturalness and realism. Are you in the mood for more serious music? The Sunday afternoon concert of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra directed by Howard Barlow? Philco reproduces their program with such fidelity that you feel you have a seat in the studio. What's going on in Europe? Through the new 1937 Philco *Foreign Tuning System* . . . and the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial you tune London . . . Berlin . . . South America as easily as New York.



The Philco *Foreign Tuning System* enables you to tune foreign stations by name! Berlin . . . London . . . Paris . . . Japan . . . and a host of other foreign stations are named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial. And by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial as you tune the set . . . the Philco *Foreign Tuning System* *more than doubles the number of overseas stations you can get and enjoy.* See the classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. Buy, if you choose, on the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

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*Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.

FIFTY-TWO MODELS \$20 TO \$600

Callahan's Revenge

*The spotlight on the heart
of an honest cop—and
an unforgettable story*

By
Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

CALLAHAN could see that the new commissioner's press announcement contained many virtues, being brief and dignified, modest and yet forceful in its prevailing tone of quiet strength and confidence. Harrison T. Finley promised no miracles, but he was keenly aware that the public wanted—and as a private citizen he had long believed that they were entitled to—a clean, efficient and honest police department.

Callahan read the announcement with interest.

New commissioners always began by a vigorous shake-up—it was one of the unwritten laws—and of course there was the chance that the shake-up would touch him. But Callahan never considered that seriously until, three days after the announcement, the teletype order came down. Briefly, in departmental phraseology, it ticked out the statement that Callahan, Daniel John, first grade detective assigned to the undercover squad, was returned herewith to his previous command.

Callahan, Daniel John, learned of it with a graying face that pride kept stony. He had not been singled out, for the morning papers carried news of the total disruption of the undercover squad. Harrison T. Finley refused to be quoted, but it was tacitly understood that its members had not been producing. There were intimations of bribery and corruption; there was talk of an investigation later on. And the Monday following, at seven-thirty in his old precinct house, Callahan reported for uniformed duty.

You could study a man like Daniel John Callahan for a long time without getting to know very much about him. In body he was six feet tall and a hundred and eighty pounds heavy, with carrot hair, light, clear, rather small eyes, and a wide mouth. There was nothing moony or idealistic about him, nothing very imaginative, and the chances are you wouldn't suspect his pride; you couldn't know it was as much a part of him as his hands, set deep and hidden perhaps, but still inflexible, fierce and burning. Pride like that is a dangerous thing to shame; in men like Callahan it has the power to warp and deform.

Callahan received his orders. And on Fletcher Avenue, from Pearl to Naples streets, he began to pound a beat again, with his face grown leaner and a nasty glitter in his eyes. Uniformed now, he settled petty quarrels and chased kids from alleys and back yards. He rang the house twice an hour; he arrested drunks

and gave directions . . . and tried to hide the shame that was eating at his heart. . . .

The Fourth came, hot and sundazzled. Salutes and blanks boomed dully all morning; strings of smaller firecrackers went off in series of snapping reports. After a while Callahan's ears grew dulled to them, so that at one o'clock, when the other reports came, sharper, more compact, but not particularly loud, he did not at first know them for what they were.

Coming around the corner of Stiller Street, the avenue showed dusty and crowded before him. Most of the push-carts were still lined at the curb, but in an open space where two were missing, Callahan saw a man sprawled horribly over the curb. His arms and face were in the gutter, and across from him a large sedan was gathering speed.

Callahan was able to fire three times before the car reached the corner. Swinging there, a tommy gun spat back briefly, in match flares that showed tinnily against the blazing sunlight. Callahan went backward as if propelled by a mighty, cushioned wind. He was staring at a sky in which multitudinous blue specks flared and danced fantastically; he was sitting up and there was a lot of noise, yelling voices, swift running feet. There was a girl, too, cool and tall and dressed in white, who insisted on getting in his way while he groped for his revolver.

"Lay off," Callahan tried to say. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

He wasn't sure whether it came out that way or not. When he was on his feet the sidewalk began to swirl and dip drunkenly around him, so that he would have fallen if the girl and a short, fat man hadn't somehow attached themselves to either side of him. They brought him across Fletcher Avenue and up a low stoop, into a dim, cool room that had wicker chairs all around and a table in the center piled with magazines. Then, feeling the first of a tearing agony in his chest, he fainted.

CALLAHAN woke up in the hospital, in a small, whitewashed room that penned him for three interminable weeks. There was nothing at all to do but sleep, eat and read the papers.

It developed that the man in the gutter had been killed very dead by a horde of bullets from the tommy gun. Little Abe Mowrer, his name was, and he'd had a lot to do with rackets. The papers seemed to think that he'd tried to



"Please," she said in a frigid, stranger's voice. "I'd like to pass"

muscle in on the policy game, and Kid Numbers had put the finger on him. Callahan read that with a good deal of vindictive interest.

In the old days of glory he had seen Kid Numbers often—not friendly meetings, but casual passings in hotel bars, a nod, a hello. A pale, skinny thug who had organized and brought under his supervision the policy game throughout the city, the Kid was something of a genius in his line. Dapper, quiet, not at all menacing, the only extraordinary thing about him was his overwhelming dread of illness. He spent weeks in hospitals, under observation; he spent thousands on doctors—specialists, faith healers, quacks. He carried a pocket thermometer, and Callahan had seen him fingering his pulse with a white, intent face. Even in public places he took pills, and drank only milk.

Callahan knew he controlled the numbers game; the papers knew it and the department knew it. But nothing much was ever done about it. Why? Callahan would have reminded you that the racket had a weekly take of over fifty thousand dollars. Nickels and dimes and occasional quarters mounted up to that amazing total. The Kid didn't clear all of it; but for what passed out of his hands the Kid, being a good businessman, received full value. Callahan grinned sourly when he read that the commissioner, by his own announcement, was out to get Kid Numbers. That was another job that looked easy, until you learned just how much protection a small slice of fifty grand could buy you. Of course, Kid Numbers dropped out of circulation for a while; but Callahan would have bet you that the numbers game went on, and that the Kid, wherever he was, held the strings.

When the hospital discharged him, he went back to the beat on Fletcher Avenue. It was the act that finally convinced him he'd looked at everything cockeyed from the start. Good police work, the big shot had said—and what did he get for risking his life? The pushcarts and the kids, the clamor and the heat—that was all. Finley sat in his office, giving interviews; Charley Kirk swam and fished, at ease in the mountains, well-heeled. Callahan waded through drudgery and smells, and the soreness in his heart festered with the dreary round of days. Good police work! Callahan's lips had a faint, snarling turn that rarely left them.

DURING his second week back on duty he stopped in at the house on Fletcher Avenue. A neat brass strip at one side of the low stoop bore the letters, A. F. Moore, M. D., and Callahan, though he had noticed that before, had never been inside until the shooting. Now a bell tinkled somewhere as he stepped into the waiting-room. After a few moments the nurse came out.

"Oh!" she said, stopping when she saw him. "The officer! How are you?" "Fine," Callahan told her. "I wanted to thank you for giving me a hand that day. You and the doc."

She rested against the table, crisp-looking in white, tapping a sheet of paper against her gown. She was a bit taller than he liked girls to be, rather slender, with a kind of wiry, graceful slenderness.

In the doorway behind her A. F. Moore appeared, shirt-sleeved and with a smoking cigarette in the middle of his mouth. He was clean-shaven and totally bald; he had the unmistakable scrubbed, shining look of doctors. Sixty, Callahan took him to be—pudgy, brisk, a little vague.

"Hello," he said, blinking at Callahan. "Can't kill a cop, can you?"

Callahan grinned. "You ought to convince some guys of that. It would save them a lot of trying."

"Well," the doc said, eying him critically, "you take care of yourself." He looked at the girl, blinked at Callahan, and went back to the doorway. "I'll be in the office when you're through, Judie."

After he'd gone, Judie straightened from the table. Her hair looked shiny, what he could see of it under her cap; she had a friendly stub nose and a young mouth, so that the matter-of-fact, competent air she had rather tickled Callahan.

"I hope you will be all right," she said. "I'm all right now," said Callahan. He looked at his watch and discovered that he had ten minutes of his lunch period left. Five minutes later he had decided that she wasn't the type that would make him sick by gazing up into his eyes or having a lot of perfume on or making her fingernails look as if she'd dipped them in red paint. When he asked her what she was doing Thursday night Judie looked a little astonished, and then a little amused. She said nothing particular. Callahan said that was fine; he'd call for her about eight.

"Well," Judie said, "I really don't know if—"

"Half past will do," Callahan told her. Callahan wasn't much for girls, or anything like a sheik. But in some ways he was old-fashioned and there were things he took for granted without thinking about them. One was that any girl would be mighty pleased to have him take her out.

She was still looking after him as he closed the door, crisp, darkly pretty, and with the air of uncertainty still on her. Callahan wondered why.

THE first Thursday night grew into a second, and expanded to Saturdays. Soon they became regular affairs, and then Callahan was changed to night duty. That left only Sundays, on which it appeared Judie was always engaged. After a week Callahan began to miss her, and to wonder about her. Then one Friday night, when Doc Moore had office hours late, Callahan discovered the secret of those Sundays.

It was revealed in the person of a tall young man with a professional black mustache, who pulled up to the office in a sedan with the green cross of a doctor fixed over its license plate. He went into the office and shortly came down the steps again, with Judie. They got into the car, seeming in high humor, and drove away.

An hour later Callahan met Doc Moore on Fletcher Avenue coming along with the perennial cigarette in his mouth, the small black leather bag in his hand.

Callahan helloed him gloomily, glad of the chance to exchange a word.

"Hot," he said.

"Hot," the doc agreed. "Very hot, Callahan." He pushed back the panama and wiped perspiration from his face. "Bad weather for bad hearts. Old Pat Doyle is pretty low."

"On Maple Street?" Callahan asked, without much interest. "I thought he'd moved—the house was condemned last week." But in his mind he was thinking of Judie and the big car, and he tried to make his question casual when he mentioned them.

"Travers, you mean," the doc said. "J. Miles Travers, Callahan. He interned at the hospital where Judie was trained. They're old friends."

Callahan said, "Uh huh," tightening his fingers on the club behind him. "I thought they were."

The doc cast his cigarette in the gutter. "Nice boy, Miles. Smart, Callahan. He's going to get along."

Something tightened insufferably across Callahan's chest. He thought savagely that she'd be smart enough to see that, and not waste any Sundays on a dumb flatfoot who wasn't getting any



The first Thursday night grew into a second and expanded to become regular Saturday affairs

place in particular. Young Travers, M.D., wasn't going to be stuck on Fletcher Avenue the rest of his life. Young Travers was going places; if Judie was smart she'd go along with him.

Before Callahan, A. F. Moore, M. D., too, sighed and picked up his bag.

"Well," said the doc, "I'll be getting on. I had a heavy day."

Callahan looked at him with curiosity disturbing the sullenness in his mind.

"You," he said, "must have been here a long while, Doc. I wonder sometimes how you ever stood it."

"Thirty-two years," A. F. Moore said,

rubbing his chin thoughtfully with thumb and forefinger. "Thirty-two years, Callahan. That's a long while. I came because I didn't have any money to set up a better office. I meant to pull out after a year or two. Somehow I didn't. It's hard to say just why. Maybe I got used to it the way you get used to most things, Callahan." He smiled vaguely and sadly, then waved, blinked and went off.

Callahan walked to Stiller Street, and in a dark hallway there that faced an alley stopped to smoke a brooding cigarette. While he was in the middle of that a car pulled up opposite, and a slim young man got out. Recognizing him in the glare of the headlights, Callahan's eyes narrowed. The slim young man was Georgie Cane, and Georgie Cane was Kid Numbers' pay-off man. Aware of that very keenly now, Callahan killed his smoke and froze in the shadows.

FROM the doorway he watched Georgie Cane switch off the car lights, leaving it in a pool of soft darkness at the mouth of the alley. Then Georgie Cane grew dim and vanished behind it, while behind him Callahan crossed the gutter on swift, cautious feet. Pushing ahead through the alley, he came to the next street and found it empty, suffocatingly still. Georgie Cane had vanished.

Against a fence Callahan waited for twenty minutes. Finally Georgie Cane appeared in the street again, coming from a small red brick building that had a dingy cigar store on the first floor, and a single story above that, used evidently as an apartment. Drawing back through a swing door in the fence until Georgie Cane had passed by and started off again in his car, Callahan returned to the street when the motor sound purred off, and from the shadow stared down thoughtfully at the red brick building.

He did not go over and nose around. Callahan was too smart to spoil things by doing that. But if Kid Numbers was there, if the apartment above the store was the spot to which the strings played back—well, Georgie Cane would come again and make it certain. Until then Callahan could wait.

FOR three nights he spent hours in the alley, watching the brick building until the last light flickered out. There seemed to be nothing exceptional about it other than that its few customers remained inside a long time. None of those customers was Georgie Cane, or anyone else Callahan knew; the lights went out at eleven o'clock, and the building got quiet and normal. Callahan watched it patiently, thinking perhaps he was wasting his time but grimly positive of the one fact that if any pinch was to be made Callahan himself was going to make it. Good police work—would the big shot think bringing in Kid Numbers was that? The big shot who sat at a desk and broke better men than himself, the big shot who didn't know what it was all about, the big shot whom Callahan hated and despised in every atom of his body. How would Harrison T. Finley's face look then?

It was a thought that had a queer solace in it, during the long nights of the next week, when Callahan drew late tour, from midnight to eight A.M. Occasionally in the morning hours he met Doc Moore. There'd be a new baby coming into life on Fletcher Avenue, or an old man going out of it in Farragut Place; and if he was going to them the fat man waved, if he was returning he stopped for a smoke and a talk.

Callahan came to look forward to meeting the doc; sitting on a stoop or on the breadbox outside the chain grocery store, they'd talk in confidential, low voices. They discussed many things, Cal-

lahan and the doc—politics and women and sport and even philosophy.

The doc had a lot of funny ideas. He was content enough, and he seemed to think that life wasn't spelled with all capitals. In the main it was pretty ordinary, the doc said, and there was nothing much you could do but plug along. There were good things in it but they were rarely so brave or splendid as the poets made out; there were bad things that never were so gloomy as they looked at first. Callahan, with the youth vigorous in him, disdained that; in time he came to have a touching, protective affection for the doc. During the last long hours before dawn and returning life he reflected often on what his life must have been.

Thirty-two years! It gave Callahan a shiver to think of it. Sometimes when he was left alone he felt that the mean buildings on Fletcher Avenue towered over him, penning him in with the company of its misfits and failures, its drunkards and incompetents. In the frenzy the feeling roused, Callahan tramped the streets, Callahan swore he was going to get out, Callahan vowed that nothing was ever going to trick him again. Judie and the big shot—wasn't the same principle behind them? Get yours, get it any way, get it quick. If you didn't, nothing else helped you, nothing else mattered. You were on the bottom in the dirt; you never would get out.

Then one Saturday night the doc had a note for him from Judie. It seemed she was wondering what had happened to him, and if he wasn't busy tomorrow night she'd look for him about seven. Reading it under a street lamp, Callahan hooted out curt and derisive laughter. Swell chance, Callahan told himself—swell chance!

HE NEVER knew why he bothered to show up. In a light linen frock and a wide white hat Judie looked dark and slender, with something he hadn't remembered of quiet fragility about her. They drove out in his roadster to a little inn they had visited before, where the food was good and they could dance.

Judie was quiet—so quiet that it came to Callahan suddenly that he bored her, that she was anxious to be rid of him, and that her silence was the strained awkwardness of someone who wished to be rid of an annoying attachment, and was not quite sure of how to go about breaking it off.

Coming home they parked on a dark, quiet road. With his arms folded on the steering wheel, his chest pressed against them, Callahan asked: "How's the Sunday boy friend? How's Miles? I guess he was busy today."

Judie was quiet for a moment. "No," she said then. "I just wanted to see you, Dan. But I didn't think you knew him."

Callahan laughed shortly. "I guess you didn't," he said. Then he leaned forward, holding her chin with one hand, and kissed her. Judie didn't pull away; under his lips she remained still and impassive.

"Why did you do that, Dan?" she asked, with something in her voice that Callahan could not interpret.

"Why?" Callahan repeated savagely. His eyes were bold and dark, shining; the anger in him made him reckless and eager to hurt. "You can have a couple of guesses, sister. One is I mightn't like to be a sap for anyone. I spent a lot of money on you, a lot of time. They earned me something."

Judie said quietly, "I see."

"Do you?" Callahan said. "Then that's

fine. You were playing around and that's okay with me. I guess I was, too. Now I just wanted you to get it right."

"I think I have."

"That's swell," Callahan said again. Driving back, he gloried sullenly in her silence, and when they stopped before her door he did not cut the motor nor did he get out to help her.

GEORGIE CANE'S picture was on the front page of the morning paper. He'd been picked up the night before by the new commissioner's newly created flying squad and he was to be held for questioning on the Mowrer murder. Callahan lay in bed late and read the paper through, for that week he switched again to the four-to-midnight tour. When he reached the precinct house at half past three things were humming.

There was a deputy chief inspector present, and two or three men from the flying squad. A rumor went around that the commissioner had something on Kid Numbers that would establish his presence on Fletcher Avenue just before the shooting.

The air of expectancy impressed itself even on Callahan, so that he became alert for his pinch. At ten-thirty, from his post in the alley, he saw the

squat man who ran the cigar store step out and close the door behind him, though the lights were left on. While Callahan watched he walked down the street and pushed through the door of the corner saloon.

Callahan strolled down to the building and read the message penciled on the cardboard strip over the knob. Back in five minutes, it said. The thin smile deepened in Callahan's cheeks; he pressed down the catch and stepped into the store.

In back and to the right of the counter there was a doorway curtained by flimsy green cloth. Pressing that aside, he stepped past to a narrow hall that had stairs slanting upward at one side. Callahan kept to the outer edge of each step carefully, to prevent a squeak, and gained the landing almost silently.

It was lighter at the top of the stairs. Three doorways, opened, boxed in the landing, and through the end of one drifted a thin streak of cigarette smoke. Callahan reached that door and stopped.

On the vague whiteness of a bed just inside the door he saw a man lying in undershirt and shorts; one hand, hung down over the edge of the mattress, held the cigarette. Callahan thought he had made no sound; but as he stopped,

the head turned quickly, the lean body swung erect.

"I'd hold it," Callahan said, weighing his gun. "Take it slow, Kid."

The man on the bed was tall and narrow; in underclothes he had the build of a scrawny boy.

"Callahan," he said, in a soft, rather husky voice. "Callahan in buttons."

"In buttons," Callahan growled. "And I'm taking you in with them. Get your clothes on."

KID NUMBERS sat up on the bed, swung his legs over the edge, and rested his hands on the mattress.

"Where's Patsy?"

"Next time," Callahan told him, "pick a spotter who doesn't like beer. Patsy dropped into Smith's for a quick one."

Slowly and savagely Kid Numbers cursed the fat man.

"It'll be tough making this rap stick on me, Callahan."

Callahan nodded. "I wouldn't doubt it. Get your clothes on."

The Kid's face twisted upward, snarlingly earnest.

"Okay," he said. "Only listen a second, Callahan. I didn't knock off Little Abe or plug you—I got an alibi for that

(Continued on page 40)



Kid Numbers didn't flinch. Looking up at Callahan, he said: "Ten grand. That's dough, Callahan. That's tops"

Down at the Office

By Matt Taylor

When a girl's innocent act is misinterpreted by a man who says he loves her, what's to be done about it? Here's what one girl did about it

THE city was sweltering. For seven days the hot spell had hung on, and Mary Bates, looking at herself in the small kitchen mirror, saw what it had done to her. Other girls in the office could keep themselves up—they had time and money to spend and a chance to escape from things. But her own eyes were lusterless and circled underneath from fitful sleeping. Half of last night she had lain awake on the narrow bed beside her young sister, not even trying to sleep but listening to the street noises that were louder than ever in the oppressive air. Now she tried an experimental smile in the mirror (Bill Gaynor had once said she ought to smile more) and her image gave back the feeble attempt. The long heat had sapped her, left her listless and tired and half alive.

In the dining-room her father was reading headlines. "No relief in sight," he grumbled. "People slept on the beach at Coney last night."

Then her mother—"If it don't break soon I don't know what I'll do. With three youngsters under my feet all day, and the house to keep up—Mary, Dad's ready for coffee."

"Yes, Ma."

She filled the cup and carried it out

to Dad. "Mail for you, Mary," he said. "Who do you know in Albany?"

Her heart quickened as she saw the envelope on her plate. "It's Bill Gaynor, I guess. He's out on the road."

Ma's eyes were knowing. "That young salesman. 'Bout time you brought him to see us, isn't it?"

"It's not like that, Ma. He doesn't go with me steady. He takes out lots of girls."

DAD chuckled. "They can't hold a candle to you, I bet."

She smiled faintly. Dad forgot how it was with young fellows; how much they expected of girls. Especially fellows like Bill, who made good money, was a good catch and knew it. Bill was choosy. He looked a girl over and if she wasn't pretty enough, if she wasn't lively company and quick to laugh, he didn't take her out again. He never stopped to

think she might be different if she had leisure and a life of her own, free of the everlasting press of people crowding in on her. Bill went by results only, and no questions asked.

She read the letter hurriedly, conscious of the curious glances upon her. "Any news?" Ma asked casually, almost before she had finished reading.

"He's coming back sooner than he thought. He'll be back tomorrow—Saturday—and he wants to take me riding in the country in the afternoon. We'll have dinner out and stay and dance."

Ma and Dad exchanged a look. "Salesman, eh?" Dad said. "Good job?"

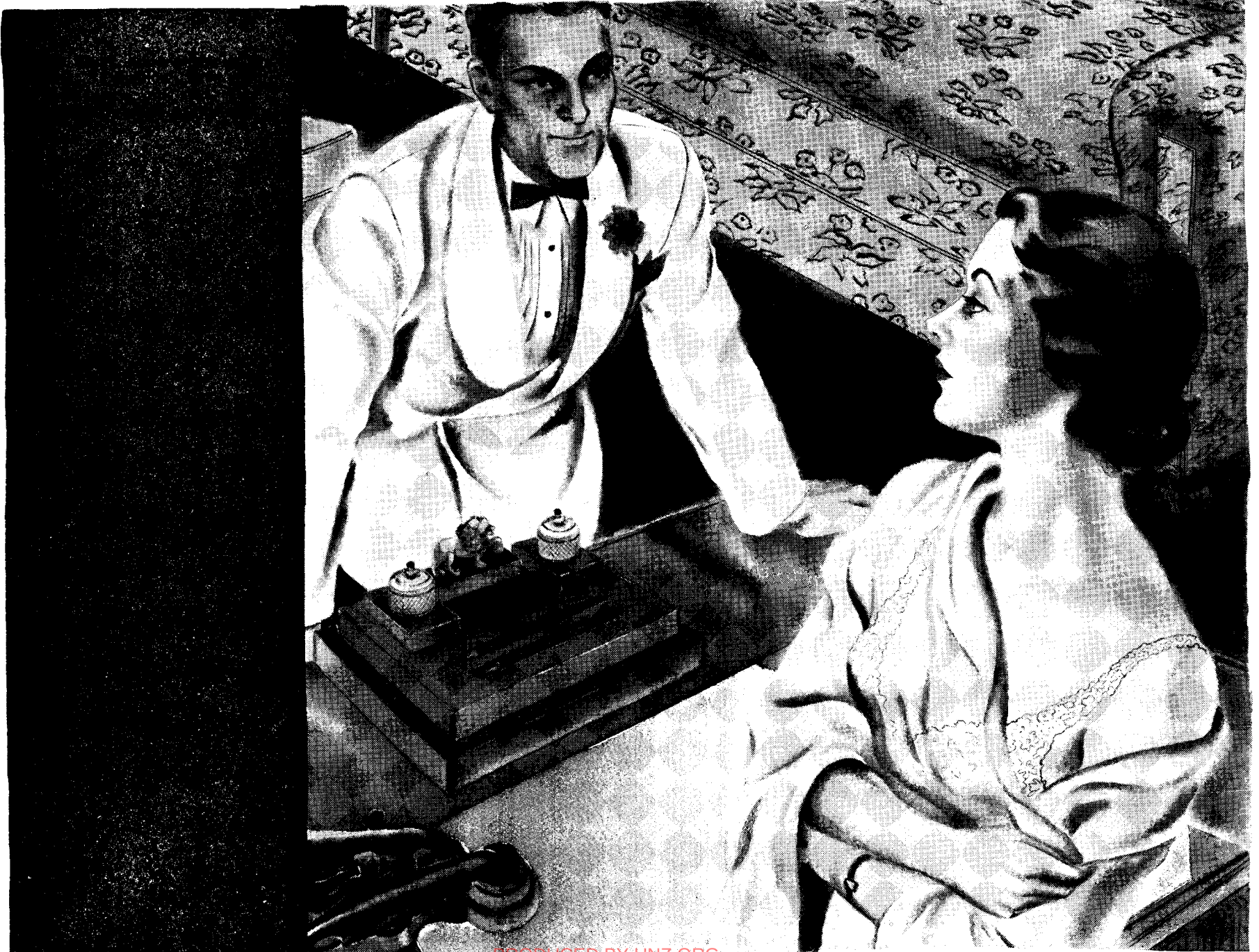
"He's with the Frey Company. They have offices on the same floor with us. He talks as though it's a good job. Ellen Joslin, in our office, introduced us and he took me to lunch a couple of times and to the movies." She hardly knew what she was saying to Dad. Her mind was

racing ahead. She was planning something she had thought of vaguely a few nights ago as she lay awake in her hot room. It had seemed impossibly daring and reckless then. But with Bill coming back tomorrow, with Bill liking his girls to look pretty and fresh—

She finished her coffee and hurried to her room. Her young sister still slept and she was able to pack a small valise unnoticed. She put in first her new figured print, then her best silk nightgown, her negligee and slippers. Ma was in the kitchen when she returned; Dad was behind his paper again. She slipped the bag into the hall where they could not see. "By," she called. "And Ma—I forgot. I'll have to work tonight at the office. I'll have dinner downtown."

Ma appeared from the kitchen and nodded crossly. "You might as well. Lord knows I'm not up to cooking, this weather. 'By."

SHE walked through the Brooklyn streets, past rows of four-family houses identical with her own. The subway kiosk swallowed her and she joined the throng on the platform and pushed forward callously. Courtesy disappears once you go underground in New York;



ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SCHWINN



you fight your way or you don't survive. When the train came she was lucky—after the scramble she was jammed against the far door, where breathing was easier. The mornings were a little better than the evenings. Coming home she was always wedged in the center of a sullen, silent crowd. People towered above her, shutting off even the steady blast of warm air from the ceiling fans. People pressed upon her suffocatingly, fastening themselves upon her, holding her rigid and helpless, pinning her so she could not move.

It had been this way for the past year. It would be this way for years to come, unless she married some young man who made good money and could give her a home of her own, and leisure, and peace. Some young man like Bill Gaynor.

THE papers were right this time. The weather did not break. The heat bore down, and bore down hard. All day long the girls in the stenographic room had worked under electric fans, not talking much, and then only to complain or to envy the private secretaries who shared the outside offices with the partners and the young lawyers.

And now Mary Bates was alone at her plain, bare desk, making a pretense at working. It was almost six o'clock. Only young Ward Leathers, the law clerk who was the judge's grandson, remained. She could hear him in his adjoining cubicle clearing his desk. In ten minutes he would be in the judge's penthouse apartment, in time for a tall drink before dinner on the terrace.

He was on his way out when the sound of her typewriter stopped him. "You holding the fort?" he called casually from the door.

"There's a report I have to finish."

He stood a moment, lighting a cigarette and looking at her indifferently. He never bothered with any of the girls in the office. He was Ward Leathers the third. In the fall, his clerkship completed, he would take his bar exams and be admitted, and then his name would go on the door and he would become, in time, a partner in the firm. Mary Bates, the least of the stenographers, waited impatiently for him to go.

"This place is a furnace," he said. "Better call it quits soon. Good night, Miss—Miss—"

"Bates. Good night."

Her typewriter clicked until the outside door closed behind him. Then she went quickly to the switchboard at the reception desk. One line was always left open after six o'clock and she gave her home number.

"Ma? This is Mary. It's just as I said—I have to work. And listen, Ma. We won't be through till late, and Ellen Joslin said why couldn't I stay with her tonight, and I said I would. . . . Ellen Joslin. You know—she has the desk next to me. . . . Yes, she lives close by and it'll be easier than going to Brooklyn and coming back in the morning. . . . Yes, Ma. I'll phone you tomorrow. 'By.'"

When she hung up she walked boldly down the corridor to the sanctum sanctorum of the suite—the strictly private office of old ex-Justice Leathers, senior partner of the firm. Unhesitatingly she entered. Only once before had she crossed this threshold, but she remembered every detail. There was a needle-point desk chair, high-backed in the judicial manner, and three comfortable easy chairs. A door of heavy mahogany opened to a private bath. A radio stood in one corner. The tall windows were expensively curtained. And along the wall stretched a wide, well-upholstered divan of great length.

She moved noiselessly across the thick rug, and the window lifted at her touch. The great red sun still lingered to torment the seven million; the heat haze hung low over the horizon. But here on the fifty-second floor she felt remote and above it. There was even the smallest stirring of air up here, a hint of a breeze to come. She raised her arms and stretched herself luxuriously in the midst of the judge's dignified elegance.

Next she went to the girls' cloakroom and returned with the valise she had packed that morning and a brown paper bag she had acquired at noon. The latter she opened first. It revealed an ample supply of chicken salad, neatly deposited on a wooden tray with a picnic plate and fork on top, and a vacuum bottle of iced

tea. Then she unpacked her valise, spreading the dress carefully on a chair.

She looked regretfully at the divan. She would have liked to undress and be comfortable at supper. But she had to be careful. The cleaning women came at eight and the sight of a young girl in negligee in the judge's private office would be something to talk about. But they would be gone by nine and she could undress then, listen to the radio until she was sleepy, and then stretch out with the windows open on two sides to catch every breeze. Here, with no restless sister beside her, no quarrelsome children in the next room, no clang of trolleys or racing of motors outside, she would sleep in luxury just as though she were in the finest hotel. And in the morning the judge's mirror would reveal her pretty and fresh and rested, which was the way Bill Gaynor liked his girls. The judge ought not to begrudge her this. They let people sleep on the beaches and in the parks on a night like this.

SHE spread paper napkins on the glass-topped desk and arranged her supper. She tried to think, as she ate, when she had ever had dinner alone. Or when, for that matter, she had enjoyed the luxury of a whole evening alone.

The cleaning women had left and hadn't thought a thing except what a shame it was to keep a young girl working all by herself on such a night. Now she was alone again and almost cool in her negligee, turning the pages of a magazine, smoking and using the judge's heavy brass ashtray, listening to dance music on the muted radio.

She had thought when she planned this that it would be scary, up there in a huge office building late at night all by herself. But it wasn't scary at all—it was lovely and delightful beyond her hopes. She smiled, thinking of the judge who had fled to the Adirondacks to escape all this. She was content and happy with his leavings.

She closed her eyes and let herself dream. . . . Quiet like this, and peace. A small house far out in the suburbs, with no family above or below you. Evenings of your own when you were free to do as you pleased and not too tired to do it.

Evenings that held no specter of tomorrow; of forty minutes underground to wear you out before you started the day, and forty minutes more to crush out the last ounce of energy when the day was done. Leisure. A chance to dream. A home of her own.

She thought first of all this, and then of Bill. She was quite sure she could love Bill, if he gave her the chance. He was, she argued, nice to look at. He could be amusing in his own way. All she had to do was to get used to this way of his, to his endless talk about himself and the girls he had known, which made him seem, sometimes, callous and hard. But she thought she understood. A salesman rubs up against all sorts of people; he must speak the language of the road. If he isn't self-important, if he doesn't know all the latest stories, good and bad, he doesn't get along. Oh, she was quite sure she understood. She was determined to love Bill. Her mind turned back again and she pictured the home she would have.

The break in her dream was so insignificant at first she did not notice it. Then it grew stronger, more insistent. Awareness of it jolted her. She sprang to her feet, drawing her negligee closer. But whoever was at the door was tired of knocking. The door opened and young Leathers, in dinner clothes now, stared at her.

"Sorry," he said slowly. "I heard the radio and I didn't know what to think." He smiled puzzledly. "I still don't, for that matter."

She wasn't frightened. It wasn't that. Her cheeks were flaming because she was angry. He had spoiled everything. He would laugh at this and tell it around the office—

But she knew, somehow, that he wouldn't tell. "You surprised me so," she said. "I never thought you'd be back."

His smile widened. "I'll bet you didn't!"

The color deepened in her cheeks. "You mustn't come in."

"Mustn't? Oh, the costume. That's nothing. I've just walked out on a party where the gowns were a lot scantier." He

(Continued on page 38)

Fixed for Life

By John T. Flynn

ILLUSTRATED BY
D. R. FITZPATRICK

Keeping track of 25,000,000 workers who will eventually become the beneficiaries of the government's old-age insurance plan will become a real job for Uncle Sam

The new Social Security Act is doing business in thirty-three states. Who is eligible to collect old-age insurance? When will you get it and how much? What must you contribute to the general fund? Mr. Flynn answers all these questions and tells you many other things about the income you will receive after you have reached sixty-five

DOWN in Washington, D. C., there is a building—the old Labor Department Building, just vacated by our lady Cabinet minister, Miss Perkins—where a number of gentlemen are setting up just about one of the biggest business enterprises in the world.

It is getting ready to take on, at one fell swoop, in just one of its departments, twenty-five million customers. That's quite a crowd of persons—just about half the working population of the country. When this concern gets together the names of these 25,000,000 customers, with their ages and addresses, the names will fill, printed in small type, about 50 books the size of the New York City telephone directory.

If you are now 20 years old and are one of those customers you will be able to go to this institution 45 years from now and it will be able to tell you where you have worked all those 45 years, for whom, what salaries you collected and what they amount to in your whole 45 years of employment. It will have to have these data, because on that record will be based the old-age benefit you will collect from it. For this is an old-age insurance concern—among other things. The other things are running an old-age assistance system, supervising great grants for dependent children and for the blind and, finally, overseeing and managing the funds of a vast system of unemployment insurance. By the time it gets going it is going to deal in unimaginable billions and is probably going to occupy more building space than any other agency in Washington.

It was just a year ago—August, 1935—that the President signed what is

called the Social Security Act. I went down to Washington to look over the job—to see how far along we have gotten with at least one phase of that business—old-age benefits. This is what brought me to that building where two systems of old-age benefits and the long-agitated plan for unemployment insurance is being set up.

A Good Man in a Big Job

To begin with, one of the most interesting things I found in that building was the man who has been put in charge of the job. John G. Winant, chairman of the Social Security Board, is still a young man, though he has been governor of New Hampshire three times. Washington—scrutinizing, gossipy, note-taking—has already fixed its eye upon him. Some call him Lincolnesque. Some say he resembles Coolidge. Of course he is like neither. He is tall and gangling like Lincoln and comes from New England like Coolidge. But there the resemblances end. He has neither the bucolic ruggedness of Lincoln nor the dourness and rudeness of Coolidge. He is a quiet, modest, cultured gentleman. He began his career teaching history in the swankiest preparatory school in America—St. Paul's, where men of wealth register their sons for matriculation when they are born. He began his political career in the district where that school is located, with an election to the New Hampshire legislature at the hands chiefly of the railroad workers in the shops there. He was elected governor three times, by this time being vice-rector of fashionable St. Paul's, turning up, however, as the champion of his state against the inter-

ests—utility interests, which were trying to grab its resources.

He began as a youthful recruit in Teddy Roosevelt's reform school of Armageddon warriors. But he has traveled a good way since in understanding the great fundamental forces which knock us about. And he is destined, I venture to predict, to go a good deal farther. He reminds you of one of those intelligent, intellectual conservatives one meets in England and whom Americans often mistake for hopeless radicals. He has moved about the world a bit and kept more than half an eye on it and its dwellers. He has made up his mind about a good many things as he has moved and watched. For one thing, he is quite certain that something *can* be done about a good many of the things to which we now yield with fatalistic helplessness.

"I don't believe in the inevitability of human perversity," he told me as we talked of his job. "I don't believe that science is destroying us; I don't believe that blind economic forces cause depressions and that we must forever be the victims of their cyclical cruelty."

Catching Up with the World

The Social Security Act is an attempt to do something about these "blind economic forces." It makes certain provisions for government grants to the states for dependent children and the helpless blind, and for unemployment. With these we shall not deal here. We are concerned merely with its attempt to do something about the age-old curse of old age. The platforms of all political parties endorse the principle, though neither Democratic nor Republican platforms mentioned it in the 1932 campaign.

But we had better not be too vain about it. We are decades behind most of the civilized countries of the world. Bismarck launched it in Germany over fifty years ago. We are still behind them. What is more, many serious criticisms have been directed at the plan we have started. And there are all sorts of misunderstandings about it.

First, it covers only about half our workers.

Second, it will have no effect upon our present business situation since most of the benefits under it will not be payable for five years.

Finally, a year of hindsight has brought into bold relief many of the



criticisms of the leading students of social security who bitterly opposed the system adopted. Governor Winant is clearly aware of the shortcomings of the act. "One of the major problems imposed on us by the act," he told me, "is the duty of studying and making recommendations as to the most effective methods of providing social security. We have set up an economic division under Dr. Walter Hamilton and every phase of the study will be examined."

And then he added: "I had a friend who died some years ago. He knew success, materially, but most of all in living a full and useful life. He had a saying he used to repeat over and over. 'Never dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.' We have not got a perfect act. We probably never will have. The field is difficult. We are never going to do a perfect job, but we are forever going to keep on trying to do a better job."

And now for our inventory. Where do we stand?

The merest glance will reveal that this question divides itself into two problems. One relates to those who are already past the retiring age. The other relates to the rest of us who want to see some provision for our old age when it arrives.

One part of the Social Security Act attempts to deal with those who have already been overtaken by age. There are 6,633,805 persons over 65. There are 3,863,000 over 70. This part of the act relates to these people—from 65 to 70.

The State Plan for the Aged

The federal government has established no plan for them. The act puts that business up to the states. It merely says that if a state will pass a law making provision for people from 65 to 70 and over, the government will pay half the bill. But it will not pay more than \$15 a month. The plan, whatever it may be, is left to the states. They can pay as much or as little as they will. They may raise the money as they choose. And they must administer the system. The government will hand over to any state, every quarter, a check to cover half the money the state pays to its indigent aged.

But the government demands certain minimum standards. The pensions must be granted throughout the state—no county options. The system must be managed by a single state agency. That agency must be efficient, in the opinion of the Social Security Board. It must make full reports to the board. The old person who applies for a pension must have a right of appeal to the state agency. The retirement age may be from 65 to 70 until 1940, when it must be 65, and the pension must be open to anyone who is a citizen of the United States and has resided in the state for five out of nine years preceding retirement.

Before this act was passed many states had already adopted old-age pension laws of this type. There were 27 such states. Since the act was passed all these states have had to change their laws to comply with the federal requirements. And six additional states have enacted new laws. Hence there are 33 states and the District of Columbia at present functioning under the new Social Security law. The states are:

Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Thus we see that 15 states have not yet put the system in force. Only five southern states have done so. Most of the laws limit benefits to people of 70 and over. Hence of the 6,633,805 persons over 65, only about 632,000 are covered by laws in existence.

As each state makes its own laws, the benefits paid vary widely. The highest benefit is \$30. Seven states pay \$25. Five pay \$20. All the others pay below \$20. Alabama and Oklahoma pay \$8. Mississippi pays \$3.50. This means that it pays \$1.75 a month and the federal government \$1.75.

It's Only A Beginning

Even \$30 a month is pretty slim. The state which pays an average pension of \$8 a month, of which the federal government pays \$4, can hardly claim it is looking after its aged. What magic an old man in Mississippi uses to exist on \$3.50 is a little mystifying.

The total cost of this type of old-age assistance up to now is around \$11,135,000 a month, of which the United States government contributes half. This is being paid by the general government out of general taxes. In the states the state's share is being met chiefly out of sales taxes. One may see, therefore, that what has been done here is largely to make a beginning.

What we have been describing is called "old-age assistance" for people over 65. Now we may look at the most important part of old-age provisions—old-age benefits. This is the great old-age insurance system which I have described with its 25,000,000 customers.

Who are these customers? They are the workers—hand and brain of the nation. But not all of them. The system will not cover agricultural workers, federal, state and local employees, officers and crews of ships, and employees of charitable and institutional concerns. And of course it does not include those who work for themselves. Hence it leaves out about 24,000,000 of the 50,000,000 employables in the country.

Who is going to pay for it? The em-

ployees who are covered and their employers. The money will be collected by a tax on pay rolls. It will begin in 1937 and will be 1 per cent on employers and 1 per cent on employees for the first three years. The rate will increase one-half of one per cent every three years until 1948, by which time it will be 3 per cent on workers and 3 per cent on employers.

How Much Will You Get?

Suppose you get \$50 a week. Your employer will have to pay next year 50 cents a week and he will have to deduct another 50 cents from your pay check for your share—\$1 a week for every week you work. Of course the money will not be paid weekly but quarterly, much like income taxes. Ultimately, for a \$50-a-week man, when the tax rises to 3 per cent for employer and employee, the employer will pay \$1.50 and the employee \$1.50—deducted from his pay—making a total of \$3 a week.

Now, for all this money, what will you get? There will be waiting for you at the end of the trail—when you are 65—a pension for life—the promise of security against destitution. That, at least, is the objective.

The retiring age is fixed at 65. This applies to the whole country. For remember, this is a national, not a state system, like the old-age assistance for those already 65. It is going to be administered wholly by the federal government through the Social Security Board.

But how much money will be waiting for you at the end of the trail? Now obviously this will depend on how long the trail has been. Unfortunately an old-age pension has to begin at some point in time. Begin it now and a lot of people covered by it will already be near the retiring age. And as the general aim of the plan is to provide for the employee when he retires a benefit for which he has paid, it is clear that the man who begins to pay when he is 60 will not have much paid for when he is 65.

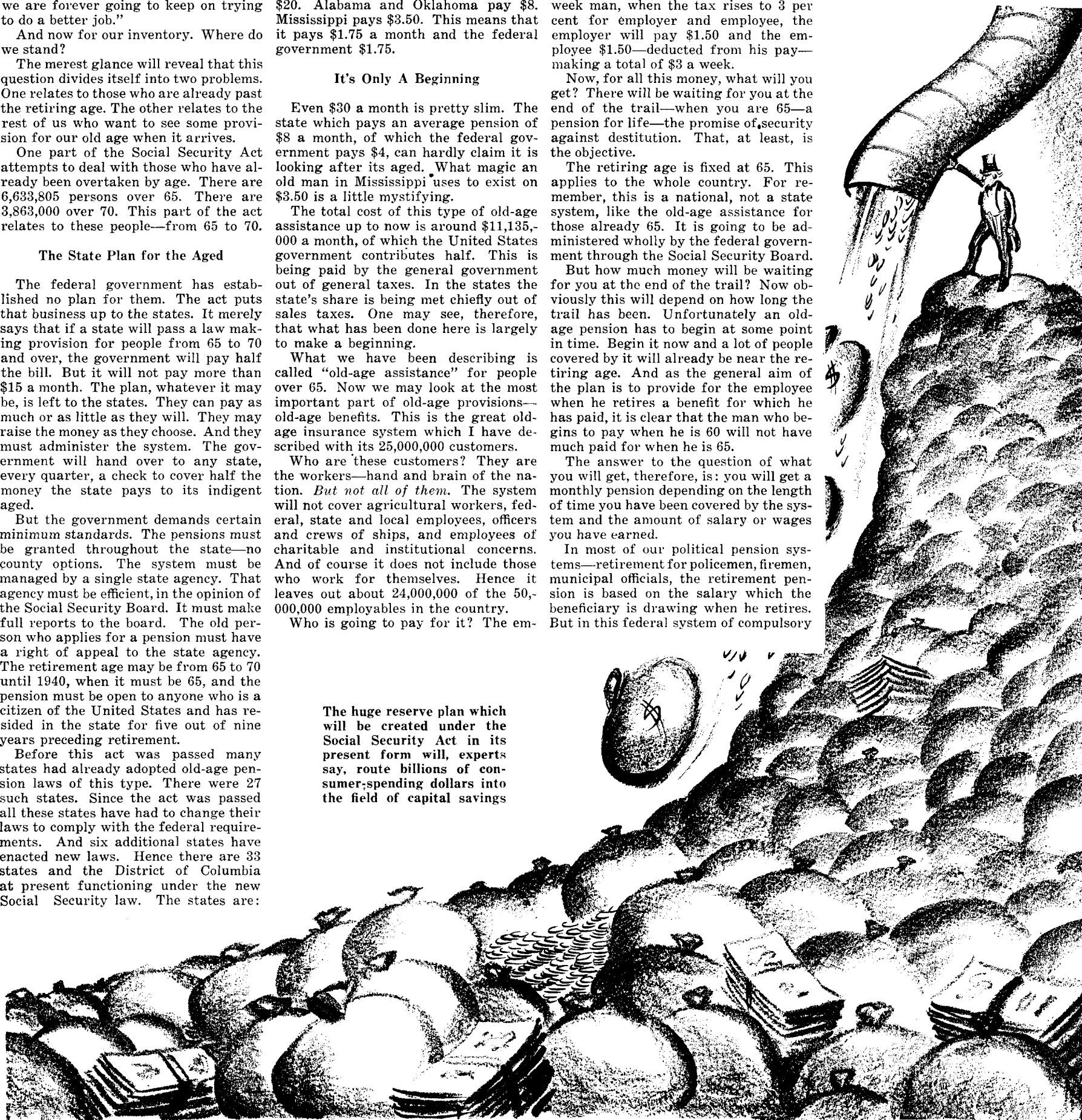
The answer to the question of what you will get, therefore, is: you will get a monthly pension depending on the length of time you have been covered by the system and the amount of salary or wages you have earned.

In most of our political pension systems—retirement for policemen, firemen, municipal officials, the retirement pension is based on the salary which the beneficiary is drawing when he retires. But in this federal system of compulsory

old-age benefits, your pension will depend, not on the salary you are drawing when you retire, but upon the total amount of wages or salary you have collected in your working life since you were covered by the insurance system. If you get \$2,000 a year for forty years you will have earned \$80,000. That is the base for your pension. You will get one-half of one per cent on the first \$3,000; one-twelfth of one per cent on the next \$42,000 and one-twenty-fourth of one per cent on all over \$45,000. But in no case can the pension exceed \$85 a month.

Suppose you are now twenty years old and earn \$2,000 a year and continue to average that for the next 45 years. At that time you will be 65 and ready for

(Continued on page 36)



The huge reserve plan which will be created under the Social Security Act in its present form will, experts say, route billions of consumer-spending dollars into the field of capital savings

Lou Louder

A Tale of our Town

By Damon Runyon

LOU LOUDER was a bartender. He tended bar in the Greenlight saloon.

He was tending bar there the night Shalimar Duke was killed.

Lou Louder was very tall, and very thin, and very pale. He said he was sent to Our Town by a doctor in Buffalo, N. Y., to die. Lou Louder had tb.

Lots of people used to come to Our Town to die. The doctors in other parts of the country highly recommended the climate.

Shalimar Duke was the owner of the Commercial Hotel. He was a short, fat man. He was one of the most popular citizens of Our Town. His books showed that more than twenty-eight thousand dollars was owing him on old accounts when he got killed.

Shalimar Duke married a Mexican girl half his age, named Pabalita Sanchez. Her people had a big sheep ranch. She had beautiful black eyes and black hair and an awful temper. She was like her mother, Juanita Sanchez. She was like her aunt, Maria Gomez, too.

Pabalita was pretty fly, but how could Shalimar Duke know that? He was forty-seven years of age.

The two Baker boys, Joe and Sid, had a fight about her and quit speaking to each other. This made it inconvenient in their business. They were partners in the B. B. coal yard.

Each thought Pabalita loved him. She told them so.

Shalimar Duke went into the Greenlight saloon one night and was talking to Lou Louder when Sid Baker came in. Sid had a .38-caliber revolver in his left hip pocket. Sid was left-handed.

Shalimar Duke asked Sid to have a drink. About that moment, Joe Baker came in. He had a .44-caliber revolver stuck in the waistband of his pants.

Shalimar Duke asked Joe Baker to have a drink. Shalimar Duke didn't know the Baker boys weren't speaking to each other. Shalimar Duke didn't know about the Baker boys and Pabalita.

He was the only man in Our Town who didn't know.

JOE BAKER and Sid Baker were gentlemen. They accepted Shalimar Duke's invitation to have a drink, even though they didn't speak to each other.

Joe Baker stepped up on one side of Shalimar Duke, Sid Baker stepped up on the other side. They were all as close together as your first three fingers. Lou Louder was in front of them behind the bar.

It was a hot night. The side door of the Greenlight, directly opposite the bar, was standing open to let in a little breeze. The breeze brought in the perfume of some roses growing at the side door of the Greenlight.

It was a strange place for roses to grow.

Roses were always growing in strange places in Our Town.

There was no one else in the Greenlight saloon at the time.

Shalimar Duke and Joe and Sid Baker all called for straight bourbon. The Greenlight served good bourbon to its regular customers.

Shalimar Duke stepped up on the foot-rail of the bar, so he was up higher than the Baker boys, and Lou Louder, too. He raised his glass, and said "Here's how," and they started to drink when Shalimar Duke fell to the floor dead.

A big-bladed knife with a very heavy handle was sticking in the back of his neck at the base of the brain.

His blood ran out in funny little rivulets on the floor.

He never said a word.

Joe Baker was arrested by Sheriff Letch and taken to the county jail. Sid Baker was arrested by Chief of Police Korn and taken to the city jail. The jails were about a mile apart.

They found a .32-caliber revolver in a side pocket of Shalimar Duke's coat. Some said maybe he had learned about Pabalita and the Baker boys, and was out looking for them when they beat him to it.

THERE was much indignation in Our Town.

Lou Louder was questioned by Coroner Curley. Lou Louder said he had turned to the back bar after serving Shalimar Duke and the Baker boys with their bourbon, so how could he see just what happened?

Coroner Curley said, "That's right, Lou."

A number of citizens went to the county jail and broke down the door and took Joe Baker out and hanged him to a telephone pole. Joe said it was all right with him. Joe said he was the one who stuck the knife in Shalimar Duke. Joe said he wanted to get rid of Shalimar Duke so he could have Pabalita to himself.

Joe said, "Boys, I deserve my fate."

The telephone company afterwards complained because the hanging broke some of its wires.

Joe Baker really thought Sid killed Shalimar Duke. Joe was trying to save Sid by taking the blame on himself. Joe remembered that Sid was his brother.

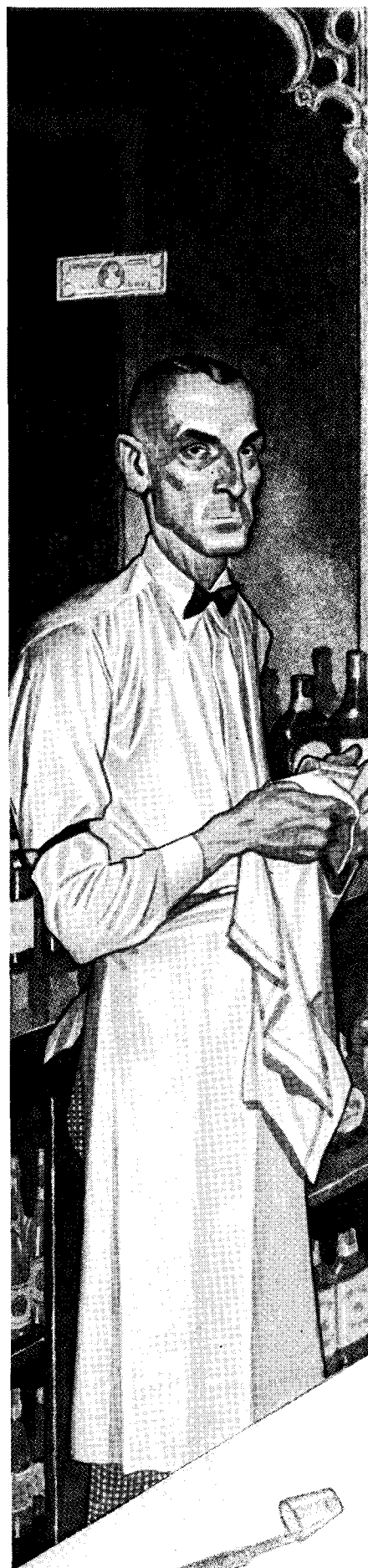
He didn't know that about the time they were hanging him a different crowd of citizens was taking Sid out of the city jail and stringing him up to a girder on the Union Avenue bridge, and that Sid was confessing that he jabbed the knife into Shalimar Duke.

Sid said he did it so Pabalita would be free to love him alone.

Sid Baker really thought Joe killed Shalimar Duke and was trying to save Joe as Joe was trying to save him. Sid remembered that Joe was his brother. He remembered what fun they had together when they were little kids.

IT WAS all very confusing to the citizens of Our Town when the stories were compared after the funerals.

Some said it showed that blood is thicker than water.



Lou Louder was tending bar in the Greenlight saloon the night Shalimar Duke was killed

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

There were many arguments about which of the Baker boys really stuck the knife in Shalimar Duke. Sheriff Letch had a fist fight with Chief of Police Korn about it. Sheriff Letch said his prisoner, Joe Baker, was the more truthful of the Baker boys, and must have done it, because he said he did.

Chief of Police Korn stood up for Sid Baker.

Pabalita Duke ran the Commercial Hotel for six years after Shalimar Duke's death. She died of pneumonia contracted while keeping a date with a traveling man in a snowstorm.

The first thing she did was to try to collect Shalimar Duke's old accounts.

She never was very popular in Our Town.

LOU LOUDER lived thirty years longer. Before he passed away he told Doc Wilcox that when he turned to the back bar after serving Shalimar Duke and the Baker boys with their bourbon, he saw, by the back bar mirror, Pabalita step to the side door of the saloon and throw the knife that killed Shalimar Duke.

The knife wasn't meant for Shalimar Duke. It was meant for Lou Louder. It would have got him, too, if Shalimar Duke hadn't stepped up on the foot-rail of the bar as Pabalita let fly.

If Shalimar Duke had remained standing on the floor, the knife would have cleared his head and hit Lou Louder kerplunk in the back between the shoulders.

Lou Louder said he had quarreled with Pabalita and had written her a note telling her he was through with her. She got awful mad about it. Shalimar Duke found the note and went into the Greenlight saloon to kill Lou Louder.

He was mentioning his intention to Lou Louder when the Baker boys came in, Lou said.

Shalimar Duke stepped on the foot-rail to get up high enough to have a freer crack at Lou Louder, so Lou thought.

THE Baker boys had also gone into the Greenlight saloon to kill Lou Louder, so Lou told Doc Wilcox. They didn't know each other's idea because they weren't speaking. Pabalita had told them, separately, that Lou Louder had insulted her, and made each of them promise to kill him. They both mentioned to friends that they were going to kill Lou Louder, and the friends warned Lou.

Pabalita had no confidence in the Baker boys.

Lou Louder remarked to Doc Wilcox just before he died that he always felt he had rather a narrow escape that night.

He didn't die of tb.

He died of old age.

The Chamber of Commerce of Our Town often pointed to Lou Louder during his life as an example of what our climate will do for a man.

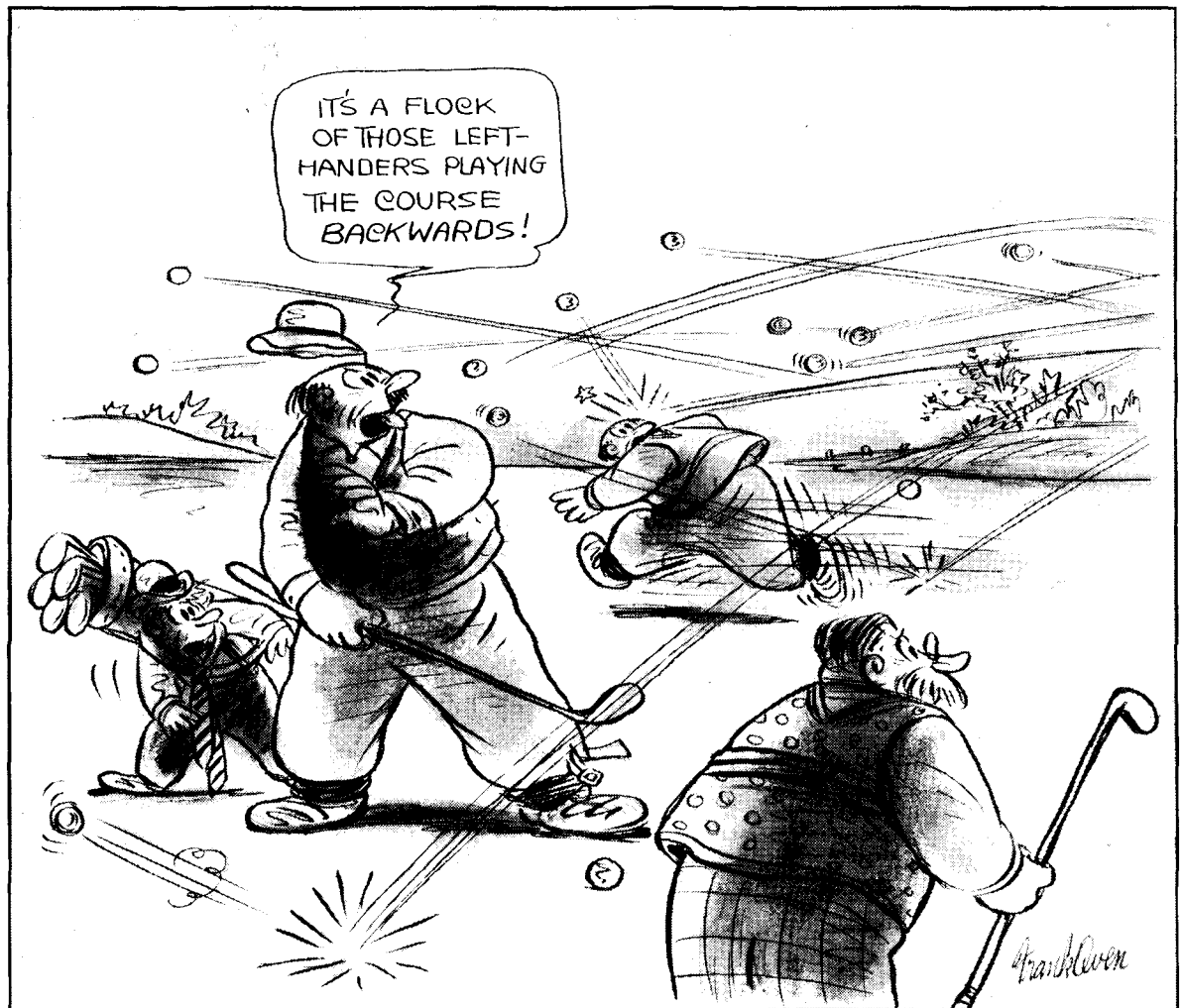
ROBERT O. REID

Left Turn

Our southpaw golfers are up in arms—left arms. Tired of being treated as outcasts and men without a country club, they have started a national association of their own with tournaments, banquets and everything

By
Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OWEN



Golf-course hazards lie to the left of fairways because most players are right-handers



Right-handers deny the merits of instruction by left-handed pros

THIS is a story that begins in Florida, touches briefly at Catalina Island and rests for a while at St. Louis, but where it will end up I don't know because it is a story about left-handed people and any time you have anything to do with left-handers you can never tell what will happen.

Some years ago, the Brooklyn baseball team was training in Clearwater, Florida. A gentleman walked into the lobby of the hotel where the team was staying and he was very proud and beaming all over the place. It developed that he had just shot a gaudy 79 on the Clearwater Country Club course and he was very loud about his accomplishment and he quite disturbed the slumber of the ballplayers who were, as usual, getting their money's worth out of the big soft chairs in the lobby.

"They tell me that these ballplayers are pretty good at golf," the expansive gentleman suggested very loudly. "If any of them would like to pick up a dollar or two, I would be glad to oblige by wagering that I could beat any ballplayer on this club."

From the depths of a large soft chair came a soft but penetrating voice. "Who is that guy making all that noise? Why, I could beat him shooting left-handed."

The loud gentleman turned sharply and walked to the sleepy figure. "You can beat me shooting left-handed? Listen, ballplayer, any time, for anything, and I'll give you odds."

The match was arranged for the next morning and to make a long story short, the player, whose name by the way was Frank O'Doul, shot a 74, won by seven strokes and collected enough on the wager to treat his teammates to ice cream sodas.

"If he shoots a 74 left-handed, what must he shoot right-handed?" his bewildered opponent said after the match. "He must be a wonder."

"The man you were playing is named Frank Lefty O'Doul," someone informed him coldly. "And he does everything left-handed. Yes, he plays golf left-handed, too."

"But I never heard of a good left-handed golf player," the gentleman protested.

"You have now, my friend," he was told and that ended the incident.

So what? So maybe you never heard of a good left-handed golf player either, but there are many of them in this land of greens and bunkers and after many years of being ignored, being frowned upon and considered social outcasts, they have organized and from now on you will hear a great deal about them. Almost anyone can play golf fairly decently if he is a right-hander, but a left-handed player must be just a little better than his colleague who hits the ball from the orthodox side. Golf courses, left-handers insist, are built for right-handed golfers.

Stand on any tee and look down the fairway. You will see white-sanded bunkers raising their ugly heads about the green but you will see most of them to the left of the fairway. Now, the most common faults of golfers are, of course, the slice and the hook. A slice means that a ball veers sharply over to the right. A hook means that it veers to the left. Ninety-eight per cent of all golfers are slicers. If the bunkers were all to the right of the fairway, these golfers would spend half of their time digging out of bunkers and traps. So the golf architects obligingly designed the courses with most of the bunkers to the left where only a hook will find them. A hook is a comparatively easy defect to correct and a right-handed golfer of ordinary skill will not find it difficult to keep out of these traps.

Now, consider the left-handed golfer. Like his right-handed colleague he, too, has a nasty habit of slicing. But when he slices the ball, instead of veering to the right it veers to the left, down there among

the pestiferous bunkers. Thus he is penalized by the bunkers to a greater degree than is the right-handed golfer. That is what I mean when I say that golf courses are designed for right-handed golfers. It would be absurd to say that the courses should be designed for left-handed players. For these comprise but a scant five per cent of the golfing fraternity. However, even five per cent of the golfers of the country would total well over a hundred thousand.

That, at any rate, is the contention of the left-handers. Orthodox golfers sneer at what they call an alibi for mediocre southpaw performances. This is the reasoning of the left-handed brethren. Take it for what it is worth and if it seems faulty be charitable, for, after all, left-handed people must be humored a bit.

Rebellion in the Locker Rooms

For years the left-handed golfers have suffered in silence; have stood the furtive locker-room glares of their right-handed brethren; have had to be content with ill-matched, poorly assorted clubs, but now they have rebelled and to celebrate their rebellion they are holding a tournament of the national association of left-handed golfers early in September in St. Louis. The Moses who is leading the left-handed players out of the golfing wilderness is Ben Richter, left-handed himself, but still one of the best professional golfers in the game. Richter is responsible for the movement and it is all because at the age of twelve he used to be a left-handed pitcher for the Ben Miller Junior team in the Trolley League of St. Louis.

He pitched left-handed and he was good too. When he wasn't playing baseball he was caddying on the links of the Algonquin Country Club. Like all caddies he'd fool around on the links when there were no customers. He told his fellow caddies that he was going to be a great golf player when he grew up but they only laughed.

Well, in time he did become a good amateur golf player. One day he was playing on the links of the Triple "A" Club in St. Louis and his partner was Sidney Maestre, president of the club and a St. Louis banker of considerable prominence. Richter was playing well and he casually mentioned to Maestre that he was thinking of turning professional. Maestre cheerfully told him that he was crazy.

"What club would hire a left-handed professional?" he wanted to know.

(Continued on page 46)

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

THE widow of an American Army officer, Eva Farjeon is living in Shanghai when her daughter, Susannah, becomes engaged to young Johnny Wardell. Knowing that Johnny is wealthy, she digs into her modest principal and prepares for a brilliant wedding in the Park Avenue apartment of Susannah's aunt in New York City. Then, with Susannah and Johnny, she sails for San Francisco.

Before the boat sails, however, Johnny makes a confession. He tells Susannah that Ethel Nye, with whom he had once been in love but who had married someone else, is in China. Ethel, he says, is now a widow; still in love with her, he has asked her to marry him—and she has accepted him. She, too, is to be on the boat!

And she is aboard—beautiful Ethel Nye Mallock is one of the most prominent passengers. . . . It is not until the China coast has faded from view that Susannah can summon up courage to tell her mother what has happened. Like all mothers in similar situations, Mrs. Farjeon is inclined to be bitter. Susannah, however, professes to be more or less indifferent. And she even half convinces Johnny that she had always looked on him more as a good friend than as a lover, that she is rather glad he has found Ethel again.

But when she is alone, trying to think it all out calmly, she realizes that she has loved Johnny Wardell, and that, struggle against herself though she may, she still loves him. For four days she is miserable. Then, on the evening of the fourth day, while she is wandering aimlessly about the ship, she comes to a rope gate marked "Tourist Cabin." She opens it, descends an iron companionway. Down she goes, one step at a time, to a singular meeting which (although she little suspects it) is to change the entire course of her life.

II

IT SEEMS all wrong that it isn't enough that one is in perfect health, and traveling on a big ship from one fascinating port to another, and having only to decide between the chicken salad and the salmon aspic," Susannah said with an ashamed laugh.

"It is wrong," her companion said with a sidewise glance that showed her a glint of his eyes in the dark. "You'll get the gods down on you!"

It was night. She had slipped away from the first cabin's efforts at entertainment, had descended a narrow companionway that bore a sign, "Tourist Cabin." The tourist-cabin passengers were not permitted to come beyond this point, but there were no restrictions placed upon the first-cabin passengers, and Susannah had discovered early in the voyage that by descending from her own deck, crossing a deck space, passing the dining-salon windows of the second cabin, and mounting three narrow steps with a rail, she could take possession of a little sheltered place behind the lifeboats, a sort of narrow balcony shut away completely from view.

Here, seated on a wide, flat box with a heavily canvased cover, and leaning on the rail, she could watch the eternal racing away of the waters, watch the last of the sunset fade from the western sky, and the first silverying of the moon steal through the summer dusk. As soon as Eva was happily established at the card table Susannah would escape to this blessed little eyrie of peace and solitude. A tall, squarely built man in a gray coat, with fairish thick hair blown about by the wind, sometimes would be standing at the near-by rail, but she paid small attention to him; one of those prosperous, sensible businessmen who traveled second-class for choice as well as for economy, perhaps; he did not matter at all.

But on the third night that found her

establishing herself in her sanctuary, he spoke to her quite casually. His name was Hazeltyn—Alexander Hazeltyn. Susannah said that she thought that quite a movie name, and he returned pleasantly that Susannah Farjeon was also an unusual title.

"Your name isn't on the second-cabin list; I looked for it," she told him at their second meeting.

"No. I'm on rather a special mission, and I didn't want it to appear. It's Carey on the list."

"The second-cabin appointments seem to me just as nice as the first," Susannah said tactfully.

"Absolutely. Quieter, and less of a crowd. The orchestra comes down here twice a day; there are movies every night—there's really no difference, except, perhaps, that the meals aren't quite so elaborate. But, as a matter of fact, I know one of the stewards of this line," Alexander Hazeltyn said, "and the quality of the supplies is exactly the same for all the cabins. My wife and I," he added, "said years ago that we would always travel second."

"Some of these cabins," Susannah said, with a rueful little laugh, "look pleasanter to me than those on D Deck."

"They are!" he agreed quickly. Perhaps he had also reached the point that she had reached, of enjoying their quiet chat at the end of each of the ship's empty days; at all events, Susannah found herself escaping to it with a pleasant little quickening of the heart, as time went by, and even though she was sometimes quite early at the meeting place, she never failed to find him there.

THEY sat on the flat, canvas-covered box, and leaned an elbow each on the rail, squared about to face each other. Sometimes the moon shone in the man's face and glinted on the glasses that he wore; sometimes starlight gleamed in Susannah's eyes and burnished the tips of her loosely waved hair. From ship talk, talk of weather and Shanghai and Peking, which he had never seen, and Vladivostok, which she had never seen, they went on to personalities.

"Engineering? And what is the name of the place?"

"Baguio, in the Philippine Islands."

"Do you know some people named Morris—Marshall Morris, there?"

"Very well."

"They were on the ship when we went out. We loved them."

"Both fine. She's very brilliant. But you've not been there?"

"Manila, no. And now where do you go, Mr. Hazeltyn?"

"I must be three or four days in San Francisco. Then I fly to Gary and spend three or four days there. Then New York. And what's your itinerary?"

"New York eventually, I suppose. I've an aunt and some married cousins there. We wish now—Mother and I—that we hadn't left China at all," Susannah confessed, on a rueful little laugh. "We've wonderful friends there, and somehow—somehow one seems of more use to one's friends in China. They need someone to stay with a mother, or manage a dinner, or run a bazaar or theatricals, or manage a house through a hospital siege. It doesn't seem to me you need your friends very much in New York."

"You're quite right. But then why did you start for home?"

The question came with so much real interest, and in so friendly a voice, and the need for sympathy was so strong in her at the moment that Susannah could answer quite simply:

"I was going home to be married."

"Ah?"

"I WAS to marry a Philadelphia man. As a matter of fact, he's on this boat. But now the engagement's off, and he's going to marry someone else. He's going to marry a Mrs. Mallock."

"Mrs. Mallock? I know who she is. She was in Manila last year. But you don't mean that she—he didn't—"

"Yes, he did; that's exactly what happened." Odd that it seemed to ease her heart to tell him about it! "They had been friends years ago, and when she got her divorce this year she came straight after him."

A pause.

"I see," Alexander Hazeltyn said thoughtfully, then. "That was Johnny Wardell, then?" he asked.

"You know him?"

"One hears everything in the Orient. I knew his firm in Manila. Ethel Nye she was, wasn't she? Very pretty woman. But how does it happen that they're both on this boat?"

"Ethel had engaged her passage back on it before ever she left the States," Susannah explained. "Mother and I were coming on it, only we were coming second cabin this trip, for economy. It's all rather mixed. Johnny was going home the other way; his mother is in Europe and he was to meet her. But quite suddenly he decided to sail on the Augusta. Mother, not knowing in the least what it was all about, promptly changed our reservations to first class, on Johnny's account. So I'm having a nice trip," Susannah ended, on a little drawl.

"You're not traveling second cabin!" the man ejaculated.

"No, no. We're on D Deck."

"I'm not either," he said, and they both laughed.

"I've been saving your feelings all the way along!" the girl confessed.

"And I yours, while both of us were reiterating that it was just as nice as first."

"BUT I don't see you in the dining-room or the lounge or anywhere, Mr. Hazeltyn."

"I'm not much about. I usually have a swim before breakfast. But I'm working. One of the members of the firm is with me, and we've got a lot of tabulating to do. And we usually have our meals late, upstairs."

"In the little grill? We went up there for scrambled eggs last night. But I thought," Susannah said, "that you told me that your wife and you had decided always to travel second?"

"It was just something she said, not seriously. I lost my wife nearly three years ago," the man said, after a moment.

A strange, odd leap at her heart; her eyes came to his and he could see the deep shine in them, like the light in star sapphires.

"I'm sorry."

"She was injured, riding. I got there



ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

in time to talk to her; there was nothing they could do."

"Children?"

"One boy. He's only a baby. He spends most of his time with my mother. Betty, my wife, had no father or mother. Phil's—well, he'll be three in January," the father said.

Susannah nodded, reconstructing his whole position, and hers toward him, as they talked. He was no longer the shadowy square figure of a second-cabin passenger, just one more casual, indifferent acquaintance in her life, with an unknown wife somewhere, an unimportant man who had engineering interests in the Philippine Islands. He had become something quite changed: Alexander Hazeltyn.

"I don't do much walking about the promenade deck," he told her. "It wouldn't be very serious now if I were identified, but it's going to be better if I can get the San Francisco and Gary end of things settled before anyone knows what I'm after. But I do walk the boat deck. I suppose you wouldn't come up tomorrow, say about twelve, and take a constitutional with me?"

"I might," she said. It was oddly amusing to be managing this little affair, right under the eyes, as it were, of Johnny and Ethel; it brought back somehow her interest in life. On the next morning she dressed herself with rather more care than she had shown for a week. When she met him on the boat deck he said at once: "You're—if you'll excuse me, a far more beautiful woman than I had any idea!"

"WE'VE only seen each other by moonlight," Susannah reminded him, laughing. The color was high on her smooth cheeks, the pale green of her plain frock and stitched hat infinitely becoming to her russet-tinged hair and the warm lights in her eyes.

"You don't mind my saying that as you came up over the top of the companion then you looked exactly like the cover of a July magazine. I mean, blue sea and the white boats and the wind pulling at your hair," Alexander said.

"I expect you to say things like that," she assured him. After a while, as they walked to and fro, she said: "Isn't this nice?" and he answered quickly and seriously: "It's—*extraordinarily* nice."

She found her companion very attractive. He was not exactly handsome, but he had a fine face, with eyes always ready to laugh and a good mouth. He must be clever, Susannah thought, for he had an air of being sure of himself; his speech was definite and quick; he had been to almost every place in the world that they chanced to mention, and he talked well. His clothes, although not as aggressively new as Johnny's always seemed to be, were correct; she liked the cut of his coats and caps, the way his shoes fitted, the shabby gloves that had once been expensive, and that fitted his hands so well.

On the third morning that they walked the deck together he said quite

(Continued on page 42)

Need for sympathy was so strong in her at the moment that Susannah could answer quite simply, "I was going home to be married"

The Delicate Tess

The first time it happened he thought it was love, the second time he was right

By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

PETER DUNNING kept what he called a "log." He had begun it when he was about twelve years old, had just finished reading *Two Years Before the Mast*, and rigged a square-sail, made from one of his mother's best Irish linen sheets, on his row-boat. Until he was fifteen, he wrote in it with a great deal of fervor, regularity and misspelled words; from then on the entries became fewer—only moments of stress or emotion were recorded.

Now, being twenty-five, six foot one inch to the top of his red head, he grinned a trifle sheepishly as he put down his pen and read what he had just written in the battered leather-covered book:

New York City, June 15th:—Lunch at the Rainbow Room today with Aunt Eleanor, looking very fit indeed, despite seventy-two years of great activity. Appeared in Prussian blue bonnet, circa 1870, and pince-nez on purple ribbon. Am very fond of Aunt Eleanor who has been a father to me since death of my parents in automobile accident just after I had left college three years ago. Following conversation took place:

"Well, Peter Dunning, what trouble are you in now?"

"No trouble really, my dear aunt. I wanted your opinion on a little matter of the heart."

"Whose heart, pray?"

"Mine, Auntie . . . It's a long story. Will you have a drop of something with your coffee? . . . Waiter, two Napoleon brandies . . . Last fall in Paris, I met a marvelous girl, by name Lois Cleeland. We dined together at the Meurice, swam in the blue miracle of the Mediterranean at Cannes, played roulette at Monte Carlo, with no harm done to the bank, listened to gypsy orchestras and ate cream cake on the terrace of the St. Gellert in Budapest, baked ourselves to a turn on the sands of the Lido, imbibed *feigen café* and Strauss waltzes in Vienna, listened to Wagner at Bayreuth . . ."

"Dear me, do people still listen to Wagner?"

"Now, Auntie . . . Afterward, we skied on the slopes of the Tyrol, changed the guard at Buckingham Palace and returned on the Koranda. . . . And I have neither seen nor heard from her for two months."

"Did you propose to her?"

"No, Auntie."

"Even in a mild way?"

"No, Auntie."

Thereupon, my esteemed relative delivered lecture recorded below, in a loud voice to the delight of the surrounding diners and, presumably, for my benefit.

"All the males of the Dunning family are incurable romantics, and you, Peter, are the worst. A romantic, as you may know, has as his chief characteristic a desire for that which is just out of reach. This makes him a setup for any girl with a grain of sense. Evidently when the whole continent of Europe failed to wring a proposal out of you, this girl, very astutely, decided to soften you up by vanishing. She is now waiting, like a fat black female spider . . ."

"My dear aunt, what a horrible simile. Lois is tall, with a figure beyond reproach, eyes of amber, a complexion to dream about . . ."

" . . . like a tall, pink and white female spider, for the proper moment to invite you into her drawing-room. When the moment, in her judgment, arrives, you will hear from her. What happens to you after that I shudder to contemplate . . . Peter, are you in love with this wench?"

"I cannot live without her."

"Spoken like a true Dunning. Nor with her either, unless my seventy-two years have been spent in vain. Well, my dear nephew, give me the check, find my gloves and reticule. Send me a wire when the trap has been sprung and I'll see what I can do about it."

Weather: Overcast. Wind: SW moderate.

THE twin engines of the Wanderer went from "full ahead" to "stop." From the bridge, in the sudden quiet, Peter heard the deep voice of Captain Wonson strangling with anger and some more unfamiliar emotion. Incredulity, Peter decided, and went to the rail. He could see nothing but the rumpled blue water of the outer harbor, so he walked forward where the two hands and Billings, the steward, stood gazing ahead.

"What's wrong?" Peter asked.

Captain Wonson swallowed, tried to speak, failed, and resorted to violent gestures. Peter's glance followed the general direction of the captain's arms. He gasped, rubbed his eyes, took off his cap and ran a bewildered hand through his red hair.



The spray fell back over them and the wash heeled the dinghy to the gunwales



"It's a . . . a boat, isn't it?" he said. "Boat?" said Captain Wonson. His voice returned but it had a hysterical note. "A boat? . . . There're window-boxes on it."

"So there are," said Peter. "I can see petunias, nasturiums, and some yellow thumgimmies."

"Calendulas, sir," said Billings.

"Right," said Peter. But his attention was diverted from horticulture by a sign that came into view as the strange craft wallowed about in a gust of wind. On it was painted in bold letters:

	SANDWICHES	
HOT DOGS	HOME-MADE PIES	
	AND CAKES	
SOFT DRINKS	ICE CREAM	
CANDY	CIGARS AND CIGARETTES	
	BAIT	

"A roadside stand at sea," said Peter. "Now may the ghosts of Conrad and Melville and Hakluyt flee shrieking into space. All that's missing is a notice 'Flats Fixed.'"

From the bridge house came a queer choking sound.

"The name, Mr. Peter," gasped Captain Wonson.

On the broad stern of the converted catboat was: **DELICATE TESS**. The sight reduced Peter to silence.

Wind and tide were drifting the Wanderer down upon the apparition. At that moment, a screen door swung open and a figure in overalls emerged from the cabin and called frantically:

"Sheer off! Sheer off!"

"We're not under way," shouted Peter.

"Oh, I thought . . . I was startled . . ." A grimy hand pushed back blond hair and left a fresh smudge upon an already soiled face.

"Why," said Peter in amazement, "you're a girl."

"Of course I'm a girl." She glanced uncertainly about, lifted her hands in a gesture of despair and sank down on a locker.

"In trouble?" asked Peter.

"Trouble? The motor's gone dead; the intake's leaking; there's a foot of water in the cabin and all my supplies are being ruined."

Peter looked up at Captain Wonson.

"Stand by, I'm going aboard."

"Certainly, sir."

THE Wanderer nosed forward, like a huge dog approaching cautiously an unknown object, and stopped. Peter swung down, balanced on the rail, and stood beside the girl.

"As one seaman to another," he said, "we're at your command."

"Oh," the girl said, "that's nice. Only there's not much room below." She glanced at Peter's immaculate flannels. "You'll get soiled."

"Not I," said Peter. He called up to the steward. "Send MacPherson down here, Billings."

The girl made a queer sound.

"Not . . . not *Sandy* MacPherson?" "Why, yes," said Peter. "You don't, by any chance . . ."

"Oh, no," she said hurriedly. "Certainly not. It was just . . . I've always wondered . . . You see, in every story the engineer is named Sandy MacPherson . . . So when you said . . . I thought how funny if . . . Do you understand?"

"Completely," said Peter, utterly bewildered.

From over their heads a gentle voice said:

"Come doon, sir?"

"Right down," said Peter.

The engineer dropped lightly aboard.

He was behind Peter, and his voice came suddenly shrill with astonishment, only to break on the interruption from the girl, "It's the engine," and end in a cough. Peter glanced about at MacPherson but his face was guileless.

"See if you can find out what's wrong," Peter said.

"Aye, sir."

MacPherson drew a deep breath and lowered his long body cautiously into the cabin. The girl had not moved. Peter gazed down upon her bent head, its pale hair, the color of ripe wheat, falling across her forehead, shadowing her face.

"Cheer up," he said, "Mac will fix it."

"It's always breaking down," she said mournfully. "All my profit goes into repairs."

"Ah," said Peter. "Profit. This is a business venture, then?"

"Oh, yes. You see, a lot of party-boats go out from here. Fishing parties, by the day. They *never* take along enough to eat. So I bought this boat very cheap because it's pretty old, and I just sail around among the fleet and sell them sandwiches and ice cream and such things. It's really very simple."

"Like all sound finance," Peter said heartily.

"But it hasn't turned out as well as I'd hoped. Either the motor won't run, or a leak starts somewhere."

"I think it's a swell idea," Peter said admiringly.

MACPHERSON'S head emerged from the companionway.

"No use, Miss . . . er, Miss," he said.

"Is it serious?" asked the girl.

"Intake hose gone. Made a plug. Ye canna run engines without water."

"Then get a line aboard," Peter said. "We'll tow you in to the dock."

A line was passed from the Wanderer and was made fast to the disabled boat.

"Are you coming aboard, Mr. Peter?" called Captain Wonson.

"No," said Peter, "I'm staying here. As a sort of skeleton crew," he added to the girl, "in case of mutiny. That is, if you don't mind."

She laughed suddenly and Peter had an impression of a flock of tiny birds passing with musical cries across the clear evening sky.

"You don't look much like a skeleton," she said, "and I'm too tired to mutiny."

The Wanderer took up the slack of the towline and settled to a steady five knots. Peter sat on the flat stern and draped a long leg over the steering wheel, while he filled and lighted his pipe. The girl said, "My face. Excuse me," and went below. Peter shook his head. He'd need a signed statement from Captain Wonson to make anyone believe this. And there was something queer about the way the girl had acted when MacPherson had come aboard. Sandy's manner had been strange, too. But then—Peter whistled. The engineer came from somewhere along this coast. . . . The girl came on deck, drying her face on paper towels.

"Is that better?" she asked.

"Scarcely knew you," Peter said. He took his pipe and examined the bowl attentively.

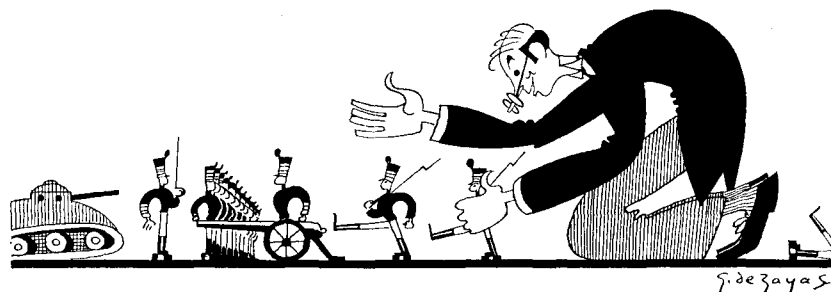
"Didn't MacPherson live around here once?" he asked.

There was a long silence. Peter continued to be absorbed in his pipe. At last the girl's voice said casually, "Did he?" Peter dropped the subject.

The Wanderer had reached the inner harbor.

"Where shall we take you?" Peter asked.

"Why . . . where are you going?"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Few men follow a hobby more seriously than those who collect tin soldiers. In order to keep their toy armies up-to-date, some collectors periodically visit distant army headquarters to ascertain if any changes have been made in uniforms, gas masks, field guns and other equipment. One Londoner has even obtained permission to attend army conferences so he can get his information in advance of his colleagues.

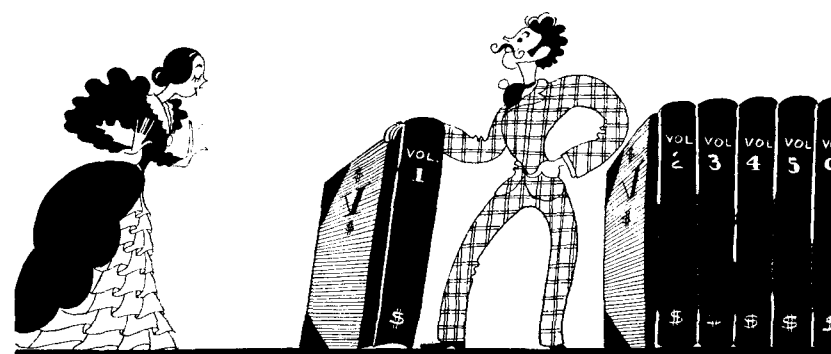
From time immemorial thousands of temples of worship, including numerous Christian churches, have been constructed so their congregations faced and prayed toward the East, a custom whose origin is probably rooted in those ancient peoples who once knelt in reverence to the rising sun.

The strangest civic custom of modern times is practiced today in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. During the first 23 days of each new year, the gentleman who pays the highest price for the privilege—at an auction—is allowed to be the mayor, rule the city as he sees fit and keep all money that he is able to collect through extra taxes and fancy fines.

Those who opened the world's first salmon-canning factory in Cork, Ireland, about 1850 felt that the only proper way to pack a fish was to can it whole—and in its own snug container. So for several years they measured each fish and then made a can to fit it.—By O. I. Davis, Cass-town, Ohio.

One of the costliest sets of books privately published in the United States described and illustrated in detail every room in the twin mansions of W. H. Vanderbilt, erected on Fifth Avenue in New York about 1870. The cost amounted to a small fortune as he gave away numerous sets each of which consisted of fifteen volumes and weighed nearly a ton, each book being two and a half feet wide and four feet long.

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Contrary to all claims, the medical world has never yet discovered a drug or a combination of drugs that will "cure" the desire for alcoholic liquor—administered either secretly or with the drinker's knowledge.—By Robert Augspurg, San Salvador, El Salvador.

Not only does the wind frequently sweep aloft such large swarms of flies, bees, ants and mosquitoes that they resemble storm clouds, but a strong breeze often raises such a vast quantity of pine tree pollen that from a distance it is sometimes mistaken for the smoke from a forest fire.—By Marjorie M. Hendrick, New York City.

New York theatergoers sometimes like a play so much that they will go to see it five, fifteen and even fifty times. The record is believed to be held by a man who, last year, bought tickets for and attended every one of the 71 evening performances of "Escape Me Never" at the Shubert Theater.—By Ben R. Schneider, New York City.

A large number of the several hundred million persons who still eat with their fingers religiously reserve their right hand for "clean" work and their left hand for "unclean" work. Hence they never use the left hand to pick up their food or the right hand to kill an insect.

In 18th-century Turkey the pashas—princes, governors and other high functionaries—levied one of the most absurd taxes in history. After a pasha had called upon a peasant family and had been given his customary free meal, he would collect "teeth money," or a tax to compensate him for the wear on his teeth that had resulted from chewing the food.—By Koja Raghib, Medford, Massachusetts.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Somewhere along here," Peter said vaguely. "A place with the magic name of 'Faraway House.'" At the involuntary gasp from the girl, he paused and added. "Do you know the Cleelands?"

"Oh, no. That is, only as everyone does. You can see the house. Up there, beyond the headland."

Peter followed the direction of her pointing finger to the harbor shore where a white house, the windows already aglow, could be seen above the clumps of pine trees.

"It looks like a beautiful place," Peter said.

"It's lovely," the girl said.

She had become very quiet, leaning forward, her hands clasped upon her knees, her face blurred in the gathering dark. Peter looked at her intently.

"Are you crying?" he asked, and put his hand over her hands.

Her hands felt cold and lifeless.

"I'm just tired," she said.

Behind them, an open sea skiff changed its course and drew abeam. The man standing at the tiller throttled the motor and called: "Ahoy, Delicate Tess. Anything wrong?"

The girl leaped to her feet.

"Eben," she cried. "I broke down. Can you tow me in? Then these... this gentleman won't have to go out of his way."

"Listen here," protested Peter. "You can't do that. I've got salvage rights. Rules of the sea, you know."

"Don't be silly," she said. "Eben goes right to my dock."

"Oh, very well," Peter said. "But you can't say I didn't try."

He signaled to the Wanderer. The cruiser slowed to a stop and the Delicate Tess drifted up under the quarter. Peter took hold of the rail preparing to swing himself on board. The girl came hurriedly forward and held out her hand.

"I'm grateful," she said. "My name, by the way, is Susan Lyle."

Peter held her hand firmly.

"Goodby," the owner of the hand said, but did not move.

"Good night," said Peter, and did not move.

"Cast off, cast off," called Eben impatiently.

Peter looked at Susan and they both began laughing.

"I'll see you again," Peter said.

When the low hull of the converted roadside stand had become indistinct in the gloom, he sighed without knowing why.

"Hello, Peter," called a voice, "welcome to Faraway House."

Peter raised his head. The Wanderer was edging up to the dock. Lois stood with the light from the lantern falling in a silver rain upon her upturned face. She appeared so incredibly beautiful with her slanting veiled glance, her thin arrogant nose and deep-colored lips, that Peter no longer felt like sighing.

AT MIDNIGHT Peter lay in bed, chewing the end of his pen, the "log" open on his knees. He began to write in firm, carefully considered words:

Faraway House, July 10th:—All over and not quite sure how it actually happened. Went for stroll after dinner along walk called Harbor Path. Had not intended immediate proposal thinking it a trifle gauche on top of heavy meal and cannot recall exactly how subject was introduced. First intimation, girl in my arms, very beautiful, to be sure, in faint light from well-placed moon.

Conversation as follows:

"I'm so happy, Peter. We'll be married in St. Martin's. The reception can be at the Ritz."

"Very nice, indeed."

"You mustn't mind if Mother cries a little when I tell her, and Father grumbles. This is all so... so..."

"You don't mean 'sudden' by any chance?"

"That's just the word I was trying to think of. Oh, darling!"

Afterward strolled down to dock. Saw MacPherson having pipe on end of wharf. Went over and held conversation below recorded:

"You come from up this way, Sandy?"

"Aye, Mr. Peter, sir."

"Know that girl, Susan Lyle?"

"Aye, Mr. Peter."

"Why didn't you speak to her today, yesterday?"

"She dinna want me to."

"Oh, and why not?"

"I dinna ken, Mr. Peter."

Returned to house, wrote to Aunt Eleanor, and went to bed.

Weather: Uncertain. Wind: Variable, ESE—SSW.

THE next five days in Peter's log, omitting an unusual number of blots and erasures, read as follows:

Faraway House, July 12th:—Saw Lois for moment this morning. She and mother off on some vital business connected with wedding. Went for swim. Watched Delicate Tess through glass. Ran up signal meaning: "Want to speak to you." No answer. Followed by, "Attacked by pirates, need help." No answer. Evidently does not understand flag code. Pried a few words out of MacPherson about Miss Lyle. Lives with grandfather in town. Supports both on money earned by Delicate Tess. Wrote postscript about girl and occupation to Aunt Eleanor as matter of human interest.

Weather: Dull. Wind: SSW gentle.

Faraway House, July 13th:—Saw Lois at dinner. Learn we are to purchase tract next to Faraway House and erect little summer cottage, eighteen rooms, eleven baths, six-car garage. Will live there, I gather, three weeks in August. Went out for run in launch-tender. Accidentally met Delicate Tess. "May I come aboard and drink bottle of Bimble?" "Sorry, all soft drinks sold out." Astonishing information MacPherson once worked for father of Miss Susan Lyle.

Weather: Cloudy. Wind: NE brisk.

Faraway House, July 14th:—Lois in New York all day and evening. Informs me two thousand invitations to be sent out including twenty-six of mine. Took lunch and followed Delicate Tess out to fishing grounds in tender. Conversation as recorded:

"Could you use good deckhand and handyman?"

"Have gotten along very well by self for three years. Profits do not warrant extra help."

Do not understand this attitude on her part as we seemed on the way to be good friends that first day. Sent night letter to Aunt Eleanor explaining apparent pursuit of S. merely curiosity about new business.

Weather: Sudden fog in afternoon. Wind: SSE mild.

Faraway House, July 15th:—Had lunch with Lois and brief chat after. Are to have duplex apartment in New York. Live there November, December and March. Palm Beach, January and February. Continent, April, May, June. September, October reserved for incidental travel. Intended to ask delicately about financing, but decided to wait. Lois very happy, she says. Mrs. C. very happy. Mr. C. refuses statement but gave me typewriter. Delicate Tess not out today. Laid up for repairs on motor. MacPherson says, however he knew it. Just as well.

Weather: Fog, heavy sea off harbor. Wind: Strong SE.

(Continued on page 28)



Prayin' Joe Barnes and Skeeter Bill Lewallen, dude wranglers, and, right, one of their trail-riding parties in Yosemite

Beauts and Saddles

Pick out your horse—or mule—and let's have a try at riding the trail. Dude wrangling has now become a major business and, with such guides as Skeeter Bill and Prayin' Joe, business is a pleasure

By Frank J. Taylor

ALL the trail ponies were tucked away for the night. Mr. Skeeter Bill Lewallen and Mr. Prayin' Joe Barnes were tilted back against the wall on some old battered chairs in the stuffy and dimly lighted little stable office. Skeeter Bill was opining about horses, dudes and trail riding generally, after the manner of wranglers when the day's work is done.

"Out on the trail anything can happen," said Skeeter. "Just anything."

"Yessir," cut in Prayin' Joe, "anything."

Joe Barnes cocked back his five-gallon hat.

"Just t'other day I was out on the trail 'long 'bout sundown," he began, in a double quick drawl, "and the wind begins to blow. It blows so hard it blows the squirrels right out of their holes. Then it starts to turn cold. That night it's so cold I can't blow out the candle because the flame is frozen stiff. I have to wait 'til the sun comes up to get the candle out. Then it turns hot. It gets so hot it pops the corn I'd brought along for the stock. The horses think it's snow and purty soon they begin to shiver 'n' freeze to death. Then—"

"Whoa, Dynamite," interrupted Skeeter, "you're running away."

I guess Prayin' Joe would still be going on with his pack of troubles out on the high trail if it hadn't been for that dude lady of indeterminate age, very broad of beam and tightly poured into a pair of groaning khaki pants, who gushed into the office with a question.

All the Answers

"What makes you guides walk so bow-legged?" she demanded of Mr. Barnes.

A good wrangler is ready for any question.

"Lady," said Joe Barnes solemnly, "I've been sittin' astraddle a horse so long that my two legs are practically strangers to each other. When I start to walk my legs keep saying to each other, 'You let me by this time and I'll let you by next time.'"

The lady gazed admiringly at the lithe forms of the two dude wranglers draped in flaming red shirts, blue jeans, high-heeled riding boots, and topped with cowboy hats.

"Can I have Napoleon for my mount tomorrow?" she asked.

"Sure you can have Napoleon for your mount tomorrow," declared Joe. "I've been savin' him for you."

The old girl beamed at the wrangler. "You're a nice cowboy," she told him.

She turned and waddled off happily.

(Continued on page 34)



A party of riders on one of the trails in Glacier National Park

Medicine Man

Queen, the mule, was ailin' and Addy-line's daughter, Dawthy, felt "swimmy in de haid." An exceptional amount of illness on Little Bee Bend plantation calling for the professional services of a fancy mule doctor, Uncle Henry. Widow Duck and Modom Aw-Bear, the hoodoo lady. No fatalities, fortunately

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

UNCLE HENRY watched the mule doctor get into his car and drive off toward Red Chute. Giles mounted his horse and turned toward the fields.

"No ju-ju stuff, Uncle Henry," warned Giles. "Queen got to git dat medicine jest like de man say. De dranchin' right away and dat pill in a hour. I'll send Brother to he'p you."

"Ya-ah," grunted Uncle Henry, the lotman.

It had been like that on Little Bee Bend plantation for years and years. The bossman ever was sending out that fancy mule doctor to cure up the stock, and Giles, the foreman, ever was putting in his word about how the doctoring was to be done.

The old lotman was willing to concede certain things: the bossman had a right to buy clothes and rations; that was his business. Giles' word was pure law in the fields and there wasn't a man born who could shade him when it came to handling a big bunch of workers in a cotton crop. The Widow Duck's word carried great weight in social and moral matters; she was a godly woman and was smart in ironing out domestic tangles. And finally, Modom Aw-Bear had a monopoly on the hoodoo business.

But the lot was Uncle Henry's domain. Each of the sixty mules and horses was his personal friend. He held long conversations with the hogs, and even the two-pound catfish that lived in the drink trough would swim to the surface, or dive, at his command.

"So now," Uncle Henry grumbled, as the foreman disappeared down the turn-row, "Miss Queen think she got to git dis fancy medicine!" He contemplated the pint bottle of liquid, and the huge pliable capsule which the doctor had left. "I got a place for dis stuff," Uncle Henry said.

HE WENT to the gear-room, grumbling. "De bossman paid a fancy price for Queen, and den Queen think 'cause she a fancy mule she got to git a fancy ailin'. And dat bring out de fancy mule doctor, and he leave dis fancy medicine. Humph! Hit's too fancy to suit my style."

When Uncle Henry entered the gear-room he went to the rear where a large packing box lay filled with odd bits of broken harness. He dropped the medicine between the box and the wall.

"Ain't a blessed thing de matter wid Queen," he muttered, "only she jealous cause Mag got a new collar dis spring and she didn't. Dat's what ailin' her."

"Say which, Uncle Henry?" It was Brother who had just come into the lot.

"Say old Queen is sort er ailin'," Uncle Henry said blandly.

Brother chuckled. "Naw, you didn't," he accused. "You was speakin' wid de devil when I comed up."

"I likes to speak wid somebody got some sense," Uncle Henry defended himself, "and I was speakin' wid de smartest man in de lot."

"Maybe so," said Brother, "but dis ain't gittin' dat mule dosed up. Giles sent me to he'p you dranch her, and I ain't got all day to fool around. Git dat dranch ready whilst I drag her haid up wid a plow line."

Brother took a rope and made a halter for the big sorrel mule which was standing, drooped, in the sunshine. From a shelf Uncle Henry took a long-necked bottle, a tin of epsom salts and a funnel. He put the funnel into the bottle and poured a double handful of salts into it. Then he filled the bottle with water from the pump.

AS HE pumped, a lazy swish in the trough stirred the sediment, and presently the pet catfish appeared on the surface.

"You git right back to de bottom, Minnie," Uncle Henry fussed. "I brang you worms yistiddy. Who you think you is, gittin' worms ev'y day? Git back, befo' I dostes you up wid dis dranch."

He took the bottle to the hayrack, where Brother had led the sick mule. Brother pitched the end of the rope over a beam and pulled the mule's head high. Uncle Henry climbed upon the feed trough, worked the bottle neck into the mule's mouth, and let the mixture of salts and water gurgle down her gullet.

When the bottle was empty, the lotman dropped it to the ground. "Hold her dar a minute, Brother," he ordered. "I been aimin' to tighten up her tongue palate all spring, and she sech a fool about de years, I jest ain't got to hit, ontwell now."

With a swift movement of his fingers, Uncle Henry twisted two locks of hair between the mule's ears, spat upon the twisted tufts and then made a crisscross over them with his index finger, meanwhile intoning:

*"Milk in de pitcher, tea in de cup—
Tongue palate, tongue palate, please stay up."*

"And now," he concluded, "efn you don't quit ailin', I'm gonter cyore you up so bad you'll be sorry de rest er de summer."

The hot morning wore on. Queen showed no signs of improvement.

When his chores were completed, Uncle Henry walked across the field to where a group of women and children were hoeing cotton.

"Mawnin', all," he greeted. "And you, Mis' Duck?"

A chorus of "tol'able, tol'able," came in return to his salute.

"And you, Addy-line? You feelin' good?"

"Jest tol'able, Henry," Addy-line replied. "And you?"

"Tol'able," he said courteously. "One er de mules is ailin'."

"For sho'?" Addy-line asked politely. "One er my chilluns is ailin' a little, too. Dawthy, yonder." She nodded toward a half-grown girl who was chopping listlessly behind the others.



Uncle Henry turned toward Dawthy. "What ail you, chile?" he asked.

Dawthy, leggy and very black, rolled cowlike eyes. "I 'o know," she answered. "I jest don't feel good."

"Is you did anything for yo' ailin'?"

"Nawsuh, not me," Dawthy said. "De hoodoo lady gimme a Three-S toby, dis mawnin', and she say hit'd make me feel good. But hit ain't worked yit."

"Three-S!" he shouted. "Soot, sand and salt! Don't you know better'n to put any stock in dat fool Modom Aw-Bear and her hoodoo stuff? She ain't got a blessed thing but a pack er lies, and de cheeks to make you think hit's conjure."

There was a deathlike silence. Not a hoe was raised, not a woman said a word or moved a muscle. Uncle Henry realized he had been talking about Modom Aw-Bear and people simply did not discuss the hoodoo woman; it was

bad luck. Even if you didn't believe in her tobies, there was no use taking a chance on incurring a witch's curse, in case there should be a mystic potency to her hoodoo.

Uncle Henry wasn't afraid of the hoodoo, but he did crave a little support, just now. "Ain't dat a fack, Mis' Duck?" he said. "You knows Modom Aw-Bear ain't got no more hoodoo den I got."

THE Widow Duck relaxed and leaned against her hoe handle. "De Bible say," she told him:

*"'Eeny-meeny-tecker-rell,
Eyes to see and nose to smell."*

"And dat mean," she interpreted, "keep yo' nose outn yuther people's business. So say de Sperrit, Henry."

All the good feelings Uncle Henry had

brought to the field with him were dispelled. But instead of feeling angry with the Widow Duck for not backing him up, he felt sorry for her. He felt sorry for poor Addy-line, the not-too-smart woman with the not-too-smart ailing daughter. Most of all, he felt sorry for Dawthy, herself, who had done nothing to cure her illness except pay an old woman fifty cents for a Run-Johnny sack full of trash.

"Gal," he said sternly, "I bet yo' tongue palate is hangin' ha'fway down to yo' knees. Come hyar, and lemme take up de slack."

Dawthy looked questioningly to her mother and then turned her eyes toward the lotman. "Nawsuh," the child said. "Come hyar!" Uncle Henry commanded roughly.

"Nawp!" Dawthy refused.

With a swiftness that belied his age,

Uncle Henry leaped across three cotton rows, grabbed the child and threw her to the ground.

The women, some of them with up-raised hoes, ganged about. Before they could interfere Uncle Henry had completed the "tongue palate, please stay up" operation and was dragging the surprised Dawthy to her feet.

"Now," he said pleasantly, "I bet you feels good, already, don't you?"

Dawthy was still frightened. "Nawsuh," she said, "I still feels swimmy in de haid, and when I gits up I see spots in de air."

"She got," Uncle Henry diagnosed judiciously, "what you calls de botts."

"Henry, you's a pyore fool!" snorted the Widow Duck. "Ain't nothin' de matter wid dat gal, only she jest bilious f'm too much collard greens and side meat. All she need is a round er calomel, and I'm fixin' to git her started on dat at dinnertime. Now you git on back to yo' jackasses—"

Uncle Henry looked squarely at the Widow Duck.

"Calomel," he told her, "salivate you and make yo' teeth drap out. Mis' Duck, you ought to be ashame' to make dis chile lose all her teeth."

"You git back to de lot!" yelled the Widow Duck. "Leave dis gal to me."

"Yeah," snapped Uncle Henry, "so's you kin salivate her and drap her teeth out, hunh? Come on to de lot, Dawthy, whilst I cyores you up f'm dem botts. And you come along, too, Addy-line, and hold her whilst I dranches her."

THE Widow Duck did not like it. She knew Addy-line was not smart enough to look out for herself and her daughter, and she had absolutely no confidence in Uncle Henry's judgment as a physician to humans.

"Now, Henry," she protested, "stop ackin' a fool."

"'Eeny-meeny-tecker-rell,'" Uncle Henry chanted. "And dat goes for you and Modom Aw-Bear, too, I reckon."

The Widow Duck knew Uncle Henry had her there. "Anyhow," she chuckled, "I better come along and give you a little he'p, efn you needs hit."

"You knows, Henry," she went on, "Dawthy ain't no mule. You can't doste her like you dostes a mule."

Uncle Henry weighed the statement. "I ain't never seed," he declared, at length, "a heap er diffunce in fo'kses and mules. Only mules is mo' gen'ally de smartest. Now, you take Queen. She smart. She ailin' cause she jealous er Mag. Mag got a new collar and Queen ain't. So Miss Queen figger she ail a few days, and drap off a little fat, so's her old collar be too big. Den Giles gonter give her a new collar."

"Humph!" grunted the Widow Duck. "I wouldn't give her a new collar. I'd put a pad under de old one."

"You," Uncle Henry said generously, "is jest smart enough to outfigger her. You smart as any mule in de lot. But not Giles."

The Widow Duck appreciated the compliment. "Giles," she said, "ain't nobody's fool."

When they reached the lot, Uncle Henry saw that Queen was still drooping in the sun.

"Y'all wait," Uncle Henry instructed, "whilst I swages dis mule's belly wid some linnymment. I told her efn she didn't quit ailin', I'd cyore her up so bad she'd be sorry."

He massaged Queen with strong linnymment, using a rough corncob for an applicator. Then he turned his attention to Dawthy.

(Continued on page 48)

Dawthy began to yell. The instant she parted her teeth Uncle Henry slipped the bottle between them



Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

WHICH of the two great railroads—the Central Pacific, building from San Francisco, or the Union Pacific, building westward—will be first at the junction point in Utah? As America eagerly awaits the answer, the Union is having trouble with a gang of crooks and thugs secretly directed by "Big Sid" Campeaux, a gambler.

The situation demands a fearless fighting man; and to Frank Peace, a young engineer, is given the job of suppressing the gang. As the road moves forward, Campeaux's men keep Peace busy—so busy that he has very little time for Eileen Oliver, to whom he is

engaged and who follows the road with her father, a rail-end storekeeper. But Ben Latimer, who is also in love with Eileen, is with her constantly.

Through force of circumstances, Peace sees much of another girl: Nan Normandy, who has come West with Campeaux and who, beautiful, young and lovely, is generally regarded as a girl of mystery. Once, during an Indian raid, he saves her life; and on several occasions she is present when he and Campeaux's aides clash.

A series of killings is followed by one which Peace resolves to avenge. Two men

wearing masks rob Oliver's store and kill Phil Morgan, one of Peace's friends. Suspecting that the killers are Al Brett and Jack Cordray, both in Campeaux's pay, Peace follows them and, believing that Brett is responsible for the tragedy, tries to force him to fight. Brett, however, prefers to await a more favorable opportunity and declines to be drawn into a gun battle.

The road moves on to Bear River Town. Peace is aware that he is in peril every moment. In the town of Bryan, with the aid of soldiers commanded by his friend, Lieutenant Archie Millard, he breaks up a riot-

ing mob of Campeaux's men. Millard, in love with an Indian girl, Cherry, is being forced inexorably to a choice between her and his career in the Army. For marriage to Cherry would unquestionably require the resignation of his Army commission.

Peace is sure that Campeaux has ordered his death. He moves with caution, but, caught one night in a street fight, he is shot. He falls. As he does so, Nan Normandy (who happens to be near by) runs to him. In tears, she throws her arms around him. "My dear," she whispers. "My dear!"

VIII

YOUNG Frank Harrison, the company doctor, lifted the dressing on Peace's chest and pressed his fingers gently along the edges of that ragged wound. The bullet, striking a rib, had been deflected upward, tearing a wide path through Peace's flat muscles. He replaced the dressing.

"I've always heard you were a lucky man, Frank."

"When do I get up?"

"Ten days, maybe. It isn't the walking that matters—it's the chest muscles we'll have to favor."

Peace stirred in the bed, not happy about it.

Harrison said: "Better get lazy. That's something it wouldn't hurt you to learn. Your philosophy is all action. It could stand a little gentling. Look at the world. It's a damned beautiful one right now—if you could forget the men in it."

The coach sat on a siding near end of track—a coach rigged up by Reed to be Peace's private hospital. They had built a bed between a pair of seats and brought in a stove. Beyond Peace's window a shoulder of snow six feet high rubbed the side of the car. Looking over that wall he could see pure whiteness sweep away under the heatless glitter of a November sun, rising fold on fold to the heavy Wasatch ridges. Up there a ragged row of peaks lifted sharp spires to the sky. A work train slugged its way laboriously along the main line.

"I've had some thoughts," admitted Peace. "But none of them very gentle."

"It's a good time to catch up with yourself. Your sort of man never does, unless he's flat on his back."

"I never did find out what happened back there at Bear Town."

"Fourteen dead graders," answered Harrison, and shook his head. "They were trying to get Duke Ring out of the log jail. They did, too. You got caught between fire. I happened to be coming through on the eastbound work train, just in time to see what I could do for you. You weren't much of a prospect at the moment, being pretty well bled out."

Peace asked his question with a show of idleness. "Where was I?"

"In Nan Normandy's back room." Harrison got his doctor's grip together. He stood a little while longer, looking down at Peace with a faint speculation, with the manner of waiting to answer the next question to come. But Peace turned his head back to the window; and Harrison left the car.

The noon whistles were blowing. Men struggled along the outside drift, sinking hip-deep in it, all their faces ruddied and bitten by the constant sweep of the wind. Collie Moynihan walked down the car aisle, short body swaying to the motion of his top-heavy shoulders. The scars of the Bryan fight were healed

welts along his dogged face. He paused by Peace's bed, an ineffaceable grin mellowing the bulldog cast of his features. "And you're a good deal better today," he observed. "You're a-scowling, which is a healthy sign. 'Twas only a while back that you lay there and had no strength for anger. Then I felt a fear."

Peace grinned back. "We've done a lot of fighting together, Collie. Maybe too much."

"Ah," said Collie, the Irish lift in his voice, "let it be. There's some as must be mild and there's some as must be black and always in the thick of it. You're that. It is nawt a thing to deny. The mild can only come along when you have broken the wicked skulls that must be broke. Shleep on that. You will have the fun and the mild will have their profits. Which is the better?"

"The mild ones smoke of a night on their own front porches, Collie. They'll own this country when you and I are drinkin' alkali out of a tin can somewhere else."

Collie cocked a bright eye on Peace. He said irrelevantly: "I have observed a woman admires a careful man, but it is the reckless one she loves and breaks her heart on."

"You're a rash scoundrel, Collie."

"I have had me fun."

"What are those boys doing outside the car?"

"Ye've noticed them? Well, they'll be guardin' this car as long as you're in it. 'Twould well please Campeaux's fancy ones to settle you now. It's a bitter game."

OVERMILE and Millard arrived, Overmile stamping the snow off his legs. He didn't like the weather and said so profanely. "Ain't my kind of a country at all. There's ice in my blood. I can feel it grittin' around."

Collie went quietly away. Overmile considered Peace with a thoughtful irony. "You know, Archie," he said, "this man Peace is a skinny-lookin' guy when he's flat on his back."

"Hell with you," grumbled Peace.

"Sure, I know. You can't beller, you can't bawl, you can't stand on your hind legs and paw the dust. You lie here and watch men walk by, you hear the steel clankin' up ahead—and it just grvels you to feel the world march on, leavin' you just a shadow in a hospital coach. Yours truly, L. Overmile."

"Feeling better?" asked Millard.

"Something around here smells," grumbled Peace. "I think it's Overmile. Take him away, Archie."

"One day I'll fight you, in my own way. But you'll be on your two feet when I do—see?"



Millard faintly smiled, and soon ceased to smile. He said, "See you later," and left the coach.

"He's worse," commented Overmile.

"Did he go to Fort Bridger?"

"Yeah. Last night he sat in the bunk shack for two hours without a word. I think he's going to resign."

Peace said: "Tarrant's gone. Morgan's gone. Archie, the poor devil, is ready to ruin himself. Well, here we are. Who's next, Leach? You or me?"

"Cross that bridge when we come to it," was Overmile's careless answer.

Peace scrubbed the back of his head restlessly along the pillow. "How are you making out with Nan?"

"What?" grunted Leach, as though he hadn't heard. But Peace's glance penetrated his partner's scrupulously maintained calm. Leach looked down a moment. "Damn' boots get wet fast. Better get a new pair. Nan? Oh, I see her once in a while."

"Wonderful woman."

OVERMILE cleared his throat. He said: "Where'd you get the idea I had any notions that way?"

"Don't talk like a fool."

"No, Frank," murmured Overmile. He was smiling now, gently and regretfully. "If I had a chance I'd push my luck. But there ain't none."

"How do you know?"

"Found out," said Overmile.

"I'm sorry, Leach."

"I'd like to know," began Leach and then quit talking. He laid a long, narrow glance on Peace's face. "Well, never mind. I'll drop in later."

After Overmile had gone Peace tried to turn on his side. Needles jabbed a trail up and down his chest and he grumbled, "Damn such a thing," and resumed the flat position that had begun to be unendurable.

Collie Moynihan brought his supper in at six. Darkness closed down, with the cold wind brushing along the coach and setting up thin, eerie sound currents. One of the guards came in to stoke the stove. Overmile presently arrived and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Where's the end of track?"

"Near Evanston."

They didn't have much to say. Overmile rolled a cigarette for Peace. They smoked through a long silence. Overmile slouched back, staring toward the car's dark ceiling.

"Town there?" said Peace.

"Was to've been. Reed changed his mind. Winter quarters at Wasatch—that's the plan."

Half an hour later Overmile looked at his watch. "Twenty feet of snow in Echo Canyon," he said, and strolled down the aisle.

The overhead lamp dropped irritating

splinters of light in his eyes; he lifted his arm to shade that away; and fell into a sleep broken by a troubled dreaming. He crouched before a campfire—he did not know where—with the sound of coyotes ululating all across a dark, wild desert. A dog lay beside him, the hair on its neck ruffed up, growling dismally; and then Mormon Charley's girl appeared from the dark. She stood across the fire, with her eyes sprung round and wide by a personal hatred that poured a strange heat through him. Nan Normandy's voice called his name, softly repeating it: "Frank . . . Frank."

He was wide-awake, sweat crawling across his face. Nan stood beside the bed, her glance oddly concerned. "Frank—what is it?"

The near-by stove poured out an insufferable heat. He said, "Please close the damper," and watched her shoulders gracefully stir and turn. She swung back to him. "You seemed so troubled," she murmured. "Or I wouldn't have wakened you."

He said, "It's good to see you again." The room's warmth strengthened the color of her cheeks. Her lips were softly turned. She straightened the snug cap she wore, a heavy, beaver-furred cap that came down about her ears. The light of this dismal coach lifted. She made a small, faintly reckless gesture with her arms and sat on the edge of his bed. Her hand caught his hand and for a little while she let him see what lay behind her hazel eyes. It was a gallantry that made her beautiful; the glow of a womanliness rising out of its secret places for a man to behold.

"I'M NOT very wise, Frank. This time I'm making the mistake. I shouldn't be here."

"I wondered when you'd come."

"I have thought of it for three days. I have thought of almost nothing else."

"It isn't my idea of a mistake, Nan."

Their glances came gently together. For him there was again, as always in her presence, the feeling of a wild wind

lifting his spirits high. There wasn't any strength in him, which was all that kept him from pulling her down to him. The reflection of that gusty, hungry desire was very plain to Nan. She bent and her lips brushed him and straightened back and tried to smile. And then they had passed some point they would never pass again.

"Do you see now, Frank?" she whispered. "We keep repeating the same mistake."

"I ruin what I touch," he murmured.

Her fingers tightened on his hands and held them like that, for a moment possessive. "You change people," she told him wistfully. "I've seen it happen often, whenever you walked along the streets of all these wicked little towns. Well, you've changed me. I'm not the same girl that came up the grade into Cheyenne seven months ago."

"I'm sorry."

Her answer came out like a cry: "Why? I'm not! I'm happy—I'm grateful! Didn't I tell you I didn't care what

happened to me, except that I didn't want my life to be empty?"

"Nan—"

She let his big hand go and got instantly up from the bed. She stood there a moment, so quietly smiling, so wistfully sad; and a door closed and the intimacy that had for a little while pulled them together definitely vanished. "When I'm gone, Frank—"

His question jumped at her: "Gone where?"

She looked at him, her glance veiled and downslanting and tender. "All things come to an end. I have wondered. What will you do when this road is finished?"

"Another road, I suppose."

SHE thought about that, watching the solid features of this man slowly compose themselves into a somber calm. "Your life," she murmured, "will always be that way. Full of unexpected things, full of fighting." Then her voice dropped to a faint tone. "And sometimes full of loneliness. I know you, Frank." With that, she turned sharply and left the coach.

He lifted his head, the broken muscles of his chest painfully stirring, and saw only a shadow at the far end of the coach; and dropped his head. The wind had lifted a notch, shrilling around the car eaves and through the adjacent telegraph wires. He was thoroughly tired, with an ache in his bones, with a pure confusion in his head. It was painful to realize that his affairs were so badly scrambled, for he had always managed his life with a drastic simplicity and it came as a shock to discover in himself a strange inability to meet the problem uppermost in his mind.

Until now everything had seemed so clear. He could look at Archie Millard and see the decision Archie had to make, and he could feel a little surprise at Archie's failure to make it. A man, he had thought, ought to seize his difficulties and break them quickly with his hands before they broke him. This was the way to live.

Or so he had believed. Yet, looking at himself with an irritable distinctness, he understood how exactly Millard's problem was also his own. Archie could not solve it; and now he could not solve his. Flat on his back, with nothing but time to spend, he could not hold court on himself and reach judgment. He thought: "I've got no reason to condemn Archie. I'm making a poorer show than that."

A FAINT step sounded behind him, pulling him up from his thoughts. He said, "Who's that?" Afterwards Eileen turned before him, her cheeks dim and cold inside the lifted collar of her heavy overcoat.

"Are you too tired, Frank?" she asked humbly. "You look tired."

He remembered that Nan had left only a moment ago, and noticed again the chill that gripped Eileen's slim body and faintly shook it. "Eileen," he said, "have you been waiting outside?"

She said, "Yes," and bent her head toward the stove. "That's all right, Frank. I wouldn't interfere with her."

He said roughly, "That was a fool thing to do." But he saw how that hurt her. Her mouth tightened like a child's; and a gentleness swept over him. Suddenly she stripped the heavy gloves from her hands and dropped to the bed, lying beside him with her face against his cheek, her body disturbed by a silent crying. He put one arm awkwardly to her shoulder. "Eileen, honey—Eileen," and he was borne back by an emotion that he could not explain to the time he

(Continued on page 30)

"You change people," she told him. "I've seen it happen often. You've changed me"



Stage Entrance

The story of Peggy Conklin, a sudden star, who is still afraid the stage manager may find out that she doesn't know the "time step"

By Kyle Crichton



Miss Conklin, offstage, is a likable young person mildly surprised at her own success

WHEN Kenneth McKenna sat down with the cast to go over the final instructions for the production of the late lamented Co-respondent Unknown, the eager actors hung upon his words with the intensity of desperation. A Broadway show is a gamble. If the critics like it means another winter living with the actors have work. If they don't, it means another winter living with the wife's folks. So they were hanging on McKenna's words, all but Peggy Conklin, who had come in a bit late and was now engaged in emptying things from a cavernous handbag.

She took out a wrist-watch, two bottles, a comb, a brush, three letters, lip-stick, compact, a ball of twine, a sales slip. At the appearance of the latter, she looked across at Mildred Harris, co-author of the play, as if to say: "Yoo-hoo, Mildred; wait for me after. I want to tell you about this."

Meanwhile the rest of the cast was as tense as a football team before the game. They said breathlessly, "Yes, Mr. McKenna . . . I'll remember that, Mr. McKenna . . . Yes, I see what you mean, Mr. McKenna." Miss Conklin continued to unload her receptacle until the floor good as a chorus girl but it had deeper roots. It went back to the days in

First M. E. Sunday School Christmas tree. At this point, Mr. McKenna said: "Now, Peggy, about you . . ."

"Yes, Mr. McKenna," said Miss Conklin and filled in the pause which followed by taking out a second brush which she used in a gesture of supreme daintiness to dust off her suede shoes.

The moral of this tale is that it is almost entirely misleading. If there is anybody alive vitally concerned about the theater, it is Peggy Conklin. As a chorus girl in the first Little Show everybody knew that she wasn't going to continue being a chorus girl. This may have been because she was not very good as a chorus girl but it had deeper roots. It went back to the days in

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., when she played in the high school shows. She was seen by one Jack Gowan and recommended to Knowles Entrikin, who was operating a summer stock company at Scarborough. When Mr. Gowan saw her, she was playing in Captain Applejack with all the vigor of a young lady determined to get out of Dobbs Ferry. Gowan could see the glitter in her youthful eye.

Her later successes in the stage versions of Pursuit of Happiness and The Petrified Forest and her movie appearances in Her Master's Voice and One Way Ticket are part of the same determination to be a good actress. She had no stage background and was originally so little versed in the ways of the

theater that she felt the way to be an actress was to begin with the chorus and work up. After her summer in Scarborough she came down to New York and was wandering around aimlessly with her mouth open when she ran into Mr. Entrikin, who told her they were having chorus rehearsals for Treasure Girl, a George Gershwin show which lasted only long enough to give him one of his black marks.

"Do your time step," said the weary dance director.

The time step is the foundation of chorus work, being a sort of "vamp till ready" jig which is indulged in before going on with the real business. A dancer who doesn't know the time step is like a fiddler who is doubtful about the location of his A string. The Conklin girl answered the request for the time step with a look of ignorance and the dance director returned a gaze of amazement.

"Leave your name and we'll call you if we can use you," he said. She finally got the job because she was a young kid and they needed young kids and besides Vera Murray of the Dillingham office felt sorry for her.

It was a great experience for her because the regular show girls had her scared to death. They were of the old school, engaging in dressing-room debates as to whether an ermine or a sable would be best this time. In the first Little Show things were different. The girls were either of another type or the stage door gentlemen had turned over a new leaf. There were no ermines for Christmas and the ladies of the ensemble confined their excesses to bridge.

(Continued on page 47)

What's Misbehavior?

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THE Constitution states explicitly that all judges, "both of the Supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior." What constitutes misbehavior, however, remains a mystery no less profound than the disappearance of Charlie Ross. Never at any time has the word been given legal definition, for the Senate, which sits as the high court of impeachment, is anything but a judicial body. It makes its own rules, heeds no precedents and each of the ninety-six senators votes his purely personal opinion.

In the one hundred and forty-nine years since the adoption of the Constitution, ten federal judges have been impeached, and of this number, just half were found guilty and stripped of their robes. All of the cases were marked by bewildering differences of opinion as to what did or did not soil the judicial ermine, for while some senators were harsh and hypercritical in their judgments, others gave evidence of believing that nothing was misbehavior short of arson, mayhem or actual homicide.

Perhaps more than any other, however, the recent impeachment of Judge Halsted L. Ritter, which disrupted legislative business for a full twenty days, illustrates the amazing manner in which men can differ in their concept of ethics and their own ethical standards. In the Ritter case there was no dispute as to the facts, and all that each senator had to decide was a question of propriety or impropriety in connection with those facts. Did they or did they not constitute misbehavior?

By way of giving background: Ritter quit Colorado for Florida in 1925, and shortly after establishing his new residence, formed a partnership with one A. L. Rankin. Three years later President Coolidge appointed the sixty-year-old lawyer as United States district judge for the Southern District of Florida, and the partnership was dissolved. Judge Ritter took office on February 15, 1929, and in October of the same year his former partner came into court and filed an application for the appointment of a receiver for the Whitehall Hotel, once the palatial Palm Beach home of Henry M. Flagler.

What's a Fair Fee?

Rankin acted in the name of one Holland, a Boston bondholder, but Holland, arriving in Florida, dismissed him as his attorney and asked that no further steps be taken. Judge Ritter, referring to Holland as a "non-resident," refused to accept Rankin's dismissal, and proceeded to name a receiver over Holland's protest. During the three years of the receivership, the hotel's books showed operating profits of about \$1,000,000, and there was testimony to the effect that only \$19,000 of the amount "found its way into the channels of the court for distribution to the bondholders."

In July, 1930, Judge Ritter requested another district judge to "pass upon the total allowance which should be made Rankin" in order to protect him from embarrassment if the question should arise as to favoring his former partner "by an exorbitant allowance." Judge Akerman fixed \$15,000 as a fair fee, but on December 24th of the same year, Judge Ritter allowed Rankin and his

associates an additional sum of \$75,000. When Rankin received a first installment of \$25,000, he took \$2,500 and paid it in cash to Judge Ritter in the latter's chambers, and on receipt of a second installment, gave the judge \$2,000 in cash, again without witnesses or receipt. These were the main charges.

Impeachment proceedings originate in the House, and when the 435 members voted on the question of whether Judge Ritter should or should not be impeached, only 327 were sufficiently acquainted with the facts to answer ye or nay when their names were called. Louis Ludlow, a congressman from Indiana, voted against impeachment because Judge Ritter "sprang from a long and honored Hoosier ancestry distinguished for rugged honesty, outspoken truthfulness and high ideals."

Judge Ritter Explains

Appearing before the Senate, sitting as a high court of impeachment, Judge Ritter maintained that the \$4,500 was money due him from Rankin in connection with the dissolution of partnership, although failing to make clear why Rankin, although he had collected fairly large sums in the two years, had paid not one dollar until receipt of his fees in the Whitehall case. While admitting that he had asked Judge Akerman to fix Rankin's "total allowance," Judge Ritter contended that it was only a "conservation fee," and that further services justified the additional \$75,000.

On each of the first six counts, dealing with the individual charges against

Judge Ritter, the Senate, failing of the required two-thirds vote, adjudged him fit to continue on the bench.

The seventh article was a sort of omnium-gatherum, bringing together all the charges contained in the first six, and declaring that "the reasonable and probable consequence of the actions or conduct of Halsted L. Ritter . . . since he became judge of said court, as an individual or as such judge, is to bring his court into scandal and disrepute, to the prejudice of said court and public confidence in the administration of justice therein, and to the prejudice of public respect for any confidence in the federal judiciary, and to render him unfit to continue to serve as such judge. The vote was fifty-six to twenty-eight, and as this met the two-thirds requirement, Ritter was adjudged guilty.

Senators Borah, LaFollette, Frazier and Shipstead, all of whom voted guilty, stated in a written opinion "if a judge is guilty of such conduct as brings the court into disrepute, he is not to be exempt from removal simply because his conduct does not amount to a crime. . . . We sought only to ascertain from these facts whether his conduct had been such as to amount to misbehavior, misconduct . . . whether he had conducted himself in a way that was calculated to undermine public confidence in the courts and to create a sense of scandal."

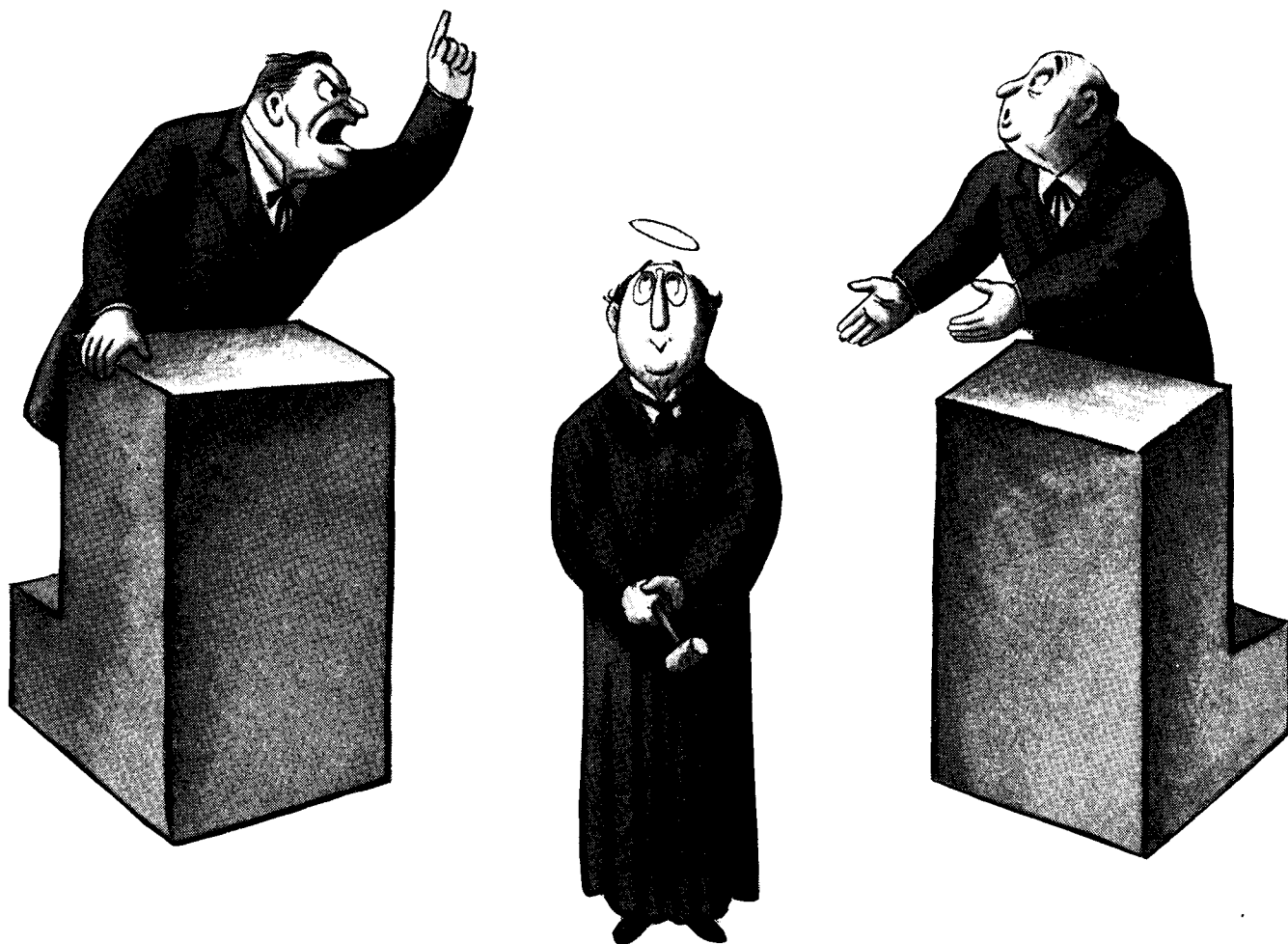
Senator Austin, of Vermont, on the other hand, argued that no evidence had been brought forward to establish the fact that Judge Ritter had "brought his court into scandal and disrepute," and insisted that "final judgment was en-

tered on mere surmise that the alleged misbehavior had resulted as charged." As for Benson, the Farmer-Labor senator from Minnesota, he swept all the charges aside as "insinuations and suspicions," and while ready to condemn Judge Ritter "for folly," refused to convict him of a "crime."

A New Plan for Trying Judges

On the heels of the verdict, Senator McAdoo of California branded the present impeachment method as cumbersome and inadequate, and proposed that all future charges of misbehavior against judges of the inferior courts of the United States shall be tried by a high court made up of ten judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals, one to be drawn from each circuit, together with the Chief Justice of the United States District Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia as presiding judge.

Senator McAdoo argued that the procedure would give the accused judge the benefit of a trial in a regular court of law, sitting exclusively to determine the question of his guilt or innocence, and unencumbered and uninterrupted by other duties; that the plan would be fair to the courts because it would place in their own hands the determination of the judicial question of the guilt or innocence of a member of the judiciary; and that aside from having his fate determined by a small and competent body, the accused would enjoy the benefit, which he does not now have, of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.



Every one of our ten impeachments of judges has been marked by bewildering differences of opinion

The Delicate Tess

Continued from page 20

Faraway House, July 16th:—Completely bowled over by story from MacPherson. Susan once lived in Faraway House. Built by great-grandfather. Her own father took flyer in market during "gold rush." Prospected on margin. Didn't get out in time. Mortgaged house and land for collateral. Wiped out. Cleeland bought Faraway House from bank for mortgage. Because, says Mac, Lois wanted it. Final blow to Susan's father, who was struggling desperately to get enough to buy it back. Family pride. Father then had stroke and died. Mother died year later. Susan does not blame Cleelands, but town does as Mr. C. was vice-president of bank holding mortgage and knew situation. Very much disturbed by story. Delicate Tess out today. Sent MacPherson in tender to ask could I be of any service, such as having tea on board Wanderer on way home from fishing grounds. Apparently she does not drink tea and engine of Delicate Tess refuses to stop until reaching own dock. Am determined to get aboard Delicate Tess and find out reason. Still no reply from Aunt Eleanor to my letters.

Weather: Clearing. Still heavy ground swell. Wind: ENE.

PETER arose at daybreak. He lowered the dinghy, put in a twenty-five-pound kedge anchor and rowed out to the channel. There he took a pair of binoculars and began to watch the town end of the harbor. When the Delicate Tess emerged from the shadows, he tied the oars to the anchor and threw them overboard. They sank slowly.

The tide was running out and it was almost twenty minutes before the Delicate Tess came abeam and slowed down.

"Good morning," called Peter in his pleasantest voice. "I lost my oars. You're just in time to rescue me."

The girl did not smile; a look of exasperation crossed her face.

"Sorry," she said and reached for the throttle.

"Here, here," cried Peter, "you can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Rules of the sea. Craft in distress."

She shrugged her shoulders in resignation and brought the Delicate Tess neatly up to the dinghy. Peter scrambled aboard.

Susan frowned at him, but when she turned her head aside a glint of amusement lit her eyes.

"This isn't a pleasure boat," she said. "You'll have to work your passage."

"That's fine," Peter said heartily. "I'm used to hard labor."

"I doubt that."

"Oh, you do? Well, I soon will be anyway. September first will find me chained to a desk."

"In a purely nominal capacity."

"I don't like the implication," Peter said. "I'll get fifty a week and earn every cent of it."

Susan pointed scornfully to where the long hull of the Wanderer gleamed on the dim water.

"Do you keep that in commission on your salary?"

"Well, no," admitted Peter.

"Or marry Lois Cleeland?" She paused, biting her lip.

Peter got up and stretched his arms indolently.

"It's a beautiful morning," he said, "but you can't tell. Out of the bluest skies come the nastiest thunderbolts."

"I'm sorry," Susan said. "That's none of my business."

"I was philosophizing," said Peter. "When do I work?"

"There's a knife and some bread. I still need dozens of sandwiches."

Peter began to slice loaves of picnic bread. The plump bow of the Delicate Tess met the first long surge of the open sea. He glanced up suddenly and found

the girl watching him intently. A quick flush enriched the tan of her throat and cheeks. Peter put down the bread knife.

"MacPherson told me about your father and Faraway House," he said abruptly.

Susan stared at her hands on the spokes of the wheel.

"He shouldn't have done that. Now you're feeling sorry for me."

"I never thought of such a thing."

"Then why do you look that way?"

"I'm feeling sorry for myself," Peter said thoughtfully.

They reached the first of the fishing fleet. Trade became brisk. Bottles and bait and sandwiches and cigarettes were passed from boat to boat across the heaving sea in a long-handled net. Peter marveled at the girl's skill in man-

When the engine stopped, they had gone down into the tiny cabin and begun tinkering. It had seemed only a few minutes, but when Peter went on deck to signal for assistance, he stepped into a gray, spaceless world. He stood paralyzed and heard behind him Susan's gasp of alarm as she emerged from the companionway.

For an instant they could not move or think; it was as though the fog were inside their heads, obscuring and hampering their minds.

"Well," Peter said presently, "this is a mess."

"We can blow the foghorn," Susan said. "Someone will come and pick us up."

The horn was mounted on the cabin. Peter turned the crank and a dismal



"The next time she calls me 'Sergeant' she gets one in the kisser"

HOWARD BAER

aging the clumsy boat, at her inexhaustible energy. By one o'clock he was thoroughly tired.

"I think you're wonderful," he blurted out.

Susan pushed her blond hair back from her flushed face and for the first time smiled directly at him.

"Lunch," she said.

They ate sitting on the roof of the low cabin. The constraint had gone and they felt easy and friendly and peaceful. There was no discussion, Peter realized suddenly, of vast summer cottages or enormous town houses, the relative merits of the Savoy or the Crillon, Deauville or the Lido. There were just quantities of crisp salt air, sunshine that warmed to the bone, and a girl in overalls, sneakers and a seaman's woolen shirt; blond hair blowing across her eyes and a shadowy smile touching her parted lips. Peter beat his fists on his temples and groaned.

"What's the matter?" asked Susan in alarm.

"I need my Aunt Eleanor," said Peter despairingly.

THE fog came and the motor failed at almost the same moment. The Delicate Tess was at the farthest point of the widespread fleet, well toward the long reef of the Molars where the seas ground into white spume even at high tide.

wail shuddered through the fog. He kept the horn going steadily for two minutes and then stopped to listen.

A sound came, after a moment. It puzzled Peter but a glance at Susan's white face brought comprehension. It was the crash of a heavy sea on rock. The blood stood cold in his veins while his heart pounded. Again the low thundering shook the air, this time noticeably closer.

"This is my fault," Peter said. "I tied an anchor to those oars and threw them overboard. Have you any others?"

Susan shook her head.

"Does the current set directly toward the reef?"

"Yes," said Susan.

The Delicate Tess lurched into a deep hollow, rose dripping and reeling on the crest of a great wave swelling dark and enormous under the boat.

"Get into the dinghy," Peter said.

He lifted a loose floorboard from the well of the cockpit, steadied the dinghy as the girl got in, let himself down and shoved hard away from the Delicate Tess. He began to paddle with the board, steadily and strongly, thinking to pass beyond the reef and the broken water. Susan was looking back, watching the Delicate Tess vanish in the fog. The pound of the seas was almost continuous. Suddenly there was a rending tumult of oak ribs and planking and Su-

san covered her face with her hands. Peter did not look around. He set his jaws and plunged the crude paddle deep into the dark water. Once he thought he saw a fountain of white spray shine in the grayness and his breath choked in his throat. There was no way of telling whether he was making progress except that the roar of the surf seemed no nearer.

He had begun to hope they would work clear when a larger sea lifted the tiny craft, passed under and broke so close that the spray fell back over them and the wash heeled the dinghy to the gunwales. The paddle was torn from Peter's hands. He had a glimpse of Susan falling off balance and put out his arm and caught her just as a siren split his ears and he saw MacPherson in the tender, miraculously alongside, and one of the sailors reaching toward him.

"Take the girl," Peter gasped, caught the rail and tumbled inboard.

PETER alternately sipped a hot toddy and wrote:

On Board Wanderer, July 17th:—Aunt Eleanor aboard Wanderer when Susan and I rescued from D. Jones mortuary parlor, thanks to MacPherson's knowledge of coast and what might happen to disabled boat. Auntie wearing straw sailor Schiaparelli, gabardine street dress, circa 1902, and binoculars slung over bosom British race track fashion. It was the binoculars really that saved us, as Auntie had been watching us through them when the fog came.

After Susan and I recuperated, Auntie ordered highballs on deck aft while Wanderer hunted for harbor at two knots. When she had finished her drink, Aunt Eleanor left to take afternoon nap. Before going, she patted Susan's cheek and said, "When you have lived seventy-two years, my dear, you will realize that a nap is even more comforting than a husband." Attempted, then, to apologize for stupidity and offered to replace Delicate Tess, of course. Susan said, "It doesn't matter, nothing matters," burst into tears and went below where I could hear her holding long conversation with Aunt Eleanor.

Weather: Fog, ending in rain. Wind: E. gusty.

PETER opened the "log." A single blank page remained. He wrote rapidly, blotted it, sighed and closed the worn leather covers.

On Board Wanderer, Gulf of St. Lawrence, August 1st:—Arrived here after leisurely trip. Still slightly dazed by events. Aunt Eleanor had note for me from Lois breaking engagement for some incoherent reason. When I inquired, Aunt Eleanor remarked, "She thought you had inherited your father's money, not me, my dear." Quite true, of course. It doesn't come to me until, as Aunt Eleanor says: Destiny or a motor-car bumps her off. Which I hope sincerely is not for a long time. Auntie never explained exactly how she communicated the information to Lois, but knowing her very well, this would not have been difficult for her.

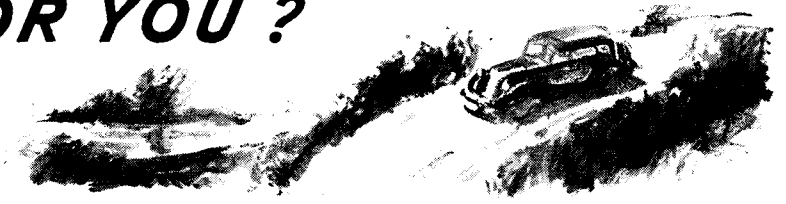
Susan is on the cruise with us as Aunt Eleanor's guest. They became friends almost at once and Auntie insisted on paying for the loss of the Delicate Tess and having Susan with us for the rest of the summer.

Nights up here are incomparable. Susan and I just up on deck to watch the moon rise. Had not intended immediate proposal and cannot recall exactly how subject was introduced. First intimacy, girl in my arms . . .

Weather: Wonderful. Wind: South, gentle, faintly scented with orange blossoms.

DOES A "BIG EVENING" FOR YOUR SON MEAN A "BAD NIGHT" FOR YOU?

[A DRAMA OF THE RIVER ROAD]



SON: "Thanks a lot, Dad, for letting me have the car to take the crowd tonight."

FATHER: "All right, Dick. But be careful at those trick curves on the River Road."



MOTHER: "Another bad accident today on the River Road. Isn't that the way Dick was going?"

FATHER: "Don't fret, Mary. Dick's all right. He's a good driver."



MOTHER: "I almost wish we hadn't let Dick have the car tonight."

FATHER: "Don't be foolish. Dick will be all right. He isn't the reckless kind."



MOTHER: "It's 1:30, and Dick isn't home. John, I've been worried about the brakes on that car for the last two weeks."

FATHER: "Now stop worrying and go to sleep. Dick'll be home any minute."



GARAGEMAN: "Nobody hurt, and nothing busted. We'll snake her back up the bank. You must have been going some."

DICK: "No. I wasn't going fast. The brakes just wouldn't hold!"



MOTHER: "Here he is now! Thank heaven he's back safe!"

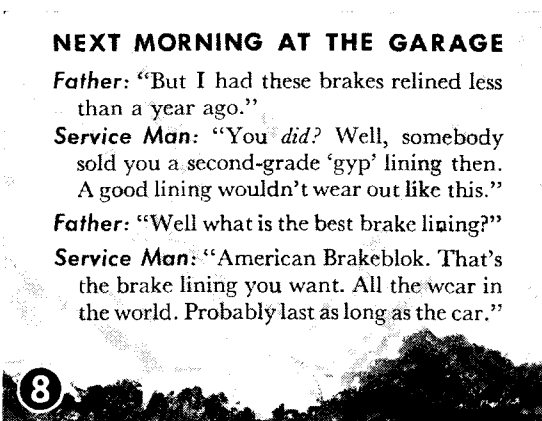
FATHER: "Didn't I tell you he'd be all right?"

MOTHER: "Yes, but you know you were just as worried as I was."



FATHER: "You're safe! But you had us worried, Dick."

DICK: "I'm safe, Dad. But the car won't be till we do something about the brakes. The garageman who hauled us back on the road says to bring the car over in the morning."



NEXT MORNING AT THE GARAGE

Father: "But I had these brakes relined less than a year ago."

Service Man: "You did? Well, somebody sold you a second-grade 'gyp' lining then. A good lining wouldn't wear out like this."

Father: "Well what is the best brake lining?"

Service Man: "American Brakeblok. That's the brake lining you want. All the wear in the world. Probably last as long as the car."



EXPERIENCES LIKE THIS are very common among motorists who let themselves be talked into a cheap brake lining. Dick was lucky . . . Will your son be as fortunate?

American Brakeblok is made by the American Brakeblok Corporation, 4600 Merritt Avenue, Detroit, Michigan . . . A Division of American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company.

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 25

first had seen her standing in Bardee Oliver's store doorway at Fremont. He recalled how the pride of that slim dark girl had crossed Fremont's dusty street, how it had turned him in his tracks.

"Eileen," he said, "I wish—"

She sat up, eyes very bright. "Don't talk, Frank," she murmured, and laid her cool fingers across his mouth. "We have always talked too much, always hurting each other by it. And what could wishes do for us now?"

He said curiously, "What would you wish?"

"Whatever it is, Frank, you shan't know it." She sat with her small, straight shoulders bowed toward him, that little girl's humbleness, that little girl's sense of waiting in patience coming strongly from her. When she smiled a sweetness was on her lips for him to see. In her presence he always felt that deep comfort of a man arrived home. He felt it now. It was a warmth that smoothed out the trouble in his head and made him surer of himself. How long had it been since he'd been touched by that old sense of ease?

She talked to him with a deliberate lightness, soothing him with the even run of her words. "Bear Town's been very quiet since the fight. The tie cutters are going up toward Wasatch. Ben's getting ready to move the store there for the winter. We had some tourists come through the other day, from Boston. I entertained them and it was quite like old times. They told me everybody back East was in a fever to try the transcontinental trip when the roads were finished, but that the Credit Mobilier was quite a scandal. Poor Mr. Ames is bankrupt. Of course you've heard General Grant has been elected President."

HE SPOKE from a deep drowsiness. "Eileen, where have you been these last five days?"

She didn't answer for a moment and he opened his heavy lids to see her lips half-pale and pressed together. "Doctor Harrison came by every day to let me know," she said. "You were badly hurt, Frank. I saw you that night, lying in Nan Normandy's room."

"I didn't know."

"I didn't want to bother you too soon. You're very tired now."

He closed his eyes. But he said: "What would you wish, Eileen?"

He felt her sway downward toward him. Her lips were near his ear. And her whisper was crowded with a passionate emotion. "I have my wish now, Frank. To be here with you."

He said: "That's the way it will always be, Eileen. If you still want me."

She touched him with her hand, brushing her soft fingers across his forehead. "My dear—my dear!"

When she rose from her crouched, cramped position fifteen minutes later he had fallen asleep. She reached up and dimmed the car lamp, and left.

Ben Latimer sat in a cutter, holding a restless team. She got in, drawing the lap robe around her. Ben said, "Belle—Star—g'dup," and sent the cutter down the hard-packed snow crust.

TEN days after the Bear Town fight, Peace rolled aside his blankets and stood on his feet. He walked down the car aisle and back again, and returned to bed. When Overmile came in that night he found Peace in a gusty, grinning temper. "You been up—against orders," accused the Texan. "Cut it out, Frank, or I'll steal your pants."

"Son," said Peace, "I could walk right into Ogden now, pants or no pants."

"Sure. It's just a little stroll. The snow's so deep up the line the boys have to shovel down to find their tents."

Casement and Reed and Millard entered the coach, the three of them turned

white from head to foot. They stripped off their heavy coats and gloves. Casement shook up the fire; and they settled themselves comfortably around, listening to the violent slash of the outer wind. A strengthening light flushed along the coach—being the headlamp of an engine roaring up the track under full power, bucking the snow with its attached plow.

"Got to keep that up from now to March," said Casement.

Reed, dark and restless from his worries, snapped at the thought. "We're nine hundred and fifty miles from Omaha. If the weather really gets bad all the snow plows in hell won't keep the track clear."

"Where's the Central now?" asked Peace.

"Twenty miles short of Humboldt Wells."

"A little over two hundred into Og-

den from Salt Lake yesterday, asking about you. We've got another job when this is through."

"Where?"

"Buildin' a railroad across Texas."

THEY sat there in silence, eased by the heat issuing from the red-bellied stove; considering, as men will do when an adventure nears its end, the vivid memories commonly shared. Long afterwards Reed said simply: "I miss Phil Morgan." Casement cleared his throat. He got up and buttoned his coat. "Texas is a long way off. We ain't built this con-founded line yet."

Reed said to Peace: "Take your time about movin' out of that bed. I don't know any other place half as comfortable. We'll reach Wasatch station in probably seven days. That's our winter camp." Casement and Reed went out to-



"How do I know there's water around here? Because it says so, right here on this map!"

J. M. ANTHONY

den," commented Peace. "We've got about seventy-five to go."

"I'd be willing to swap our seventy-five for their two hundred," said Reed. "Those people are smart. Their track through the Sierras has been snow-shedded."

"Where's Dodge?"

"Salt Lake. Brigham Young's struck a bargain with him. The contract reads for Young's Mormons to assume the grading from Wasatch to Promontory."

The engine on the main line backed down the track and came forward again, roaring into the snow. A second engine whistled through the lower darkness. "That's the helper," grunted Casement. "Two engines to run one plow. In November. What'll it be like when January comes?"

Reed looked at Peace. "Dodge wired

together. Overmile strolled behind. Millard remained by Peace's bed.

"What would you do in my place, Frank?"

Peace said: "I can't help you, Archie. You'll have to make your own choice."

"I know. But what would you do?"

"I'm the poorest man you could come to for advice."

Archie Millard shook his head. "There's no other man I could turn to. My mind's about made up, but I've got to have your advice before I do the hardest thing of my life. I'm not a soft man. I've got a good deal of pride and God knows it's hard for me to choose between Cherry and the Army—the only two things that count with me at all. I had come to a conclusion last night. And then I got to thinking of you. I know what you want me to do. I don't blame you for that, be-

cause you're my friend—and I'm proud you are. But I want to ask you a question and I want you to answer it honestly."

"The day you quit the Army," said Peace gently, "is the day you begin to be a disappointed man. You'll never quit thinking of what you might have been. Cherry's a fine girl, but she's an Indian—and you'll be a squaw man. Some men can do that. Mormon Charley could. But you'll eat your heart out and the things in your mind will drive you crazy."

"Perhaps," said Millard quietly, doggedly. "But I want to ask you this single question." He stood with a balanced straightness—a splendid figure, a soldier born. He was, Peace thought, as sharp and perfect and gallant a type as generations of soldierly men could produce. The yellow mustache lay evenly along his sober mouth; his ruddy cheeks were strict with gravity. He drew a definite breath. "Put yourself in my place for a minute. Put yourself there honestly. You had no business loving this girl, but you did. That's a destiny none of us can order. You paid your compliments to her until she put her trust in you. There's no halfway giving with Cherry. Her life is yours to dispose of, because she wishes it to be that way. Whatever contentment she might have had living her accustomed life with her own people you have destroyed, because you showed her another kind of life. She built her hope around you. If you go she has no hope left. Would you leave her, Frank?"

PEACE lifted his hand to shade the light from his eyes—to avoid seeing the desperate look on Millard's face. He wondered then how much Millard knew of his own problem—it fitted so closely into the groove that his mind kept endlessly circling. This was the question he had not been able to face.

He said: "No, Archie."

"You see?" said Millard. He shrugged his broad-spread shoulders. "Well, there are things a man can do, and cannot do. Either way a penalty hits him. I'm supposed to report back to D. A. Russell for transfer within ten days. Next Saturday I shall send in my resignation from the Army." He wheeled and left the coach.

Peace rubbed his palm slowly back and forward across his face, the simplicity of Archie Millard's words remaining behind to stir him in strange ways. He remembered Eileen standing in the bleak night by the car, waiting for Nan to go; he remembered Eileen lying against him, crying. He had made up his mind at that moment what he had to do. He had told Eileen. And yet, his thoughts terribly clear, he knew there had been a faint hope surviving in his heart, like a doorway held ajar for escape. The sense of shame in him deepened and deepened. Mentally, he reached out and closed the door; and when he did so his hope died. Nan had seen all this so much more clearly than he had seen it.

He recalled her as she stood by the bed, her lips soft with the wishes of a woman, her glance wistful in a way he couldn't comprehend. He murmured, as she had done, "All things come to an end," and knew he was as near the truth as he would ever be. In Nan was a richness, a completeness; in her was a flame he had seen. All men, even the toughest of them, had a picture like that secretly in their hearts, fashioned out of their deep desires. So had he. To few men did the picture ever completely materialize; and it had been one of the profound shocks of his life to see her, the image of his wishes, sitting in the smoky coach of the Cheyenne-bound work train. She had been faintly smiling, and that smile he would never forget, calling like wind across the width of the world.

(Continued on page 32)

Little known facts about Gin

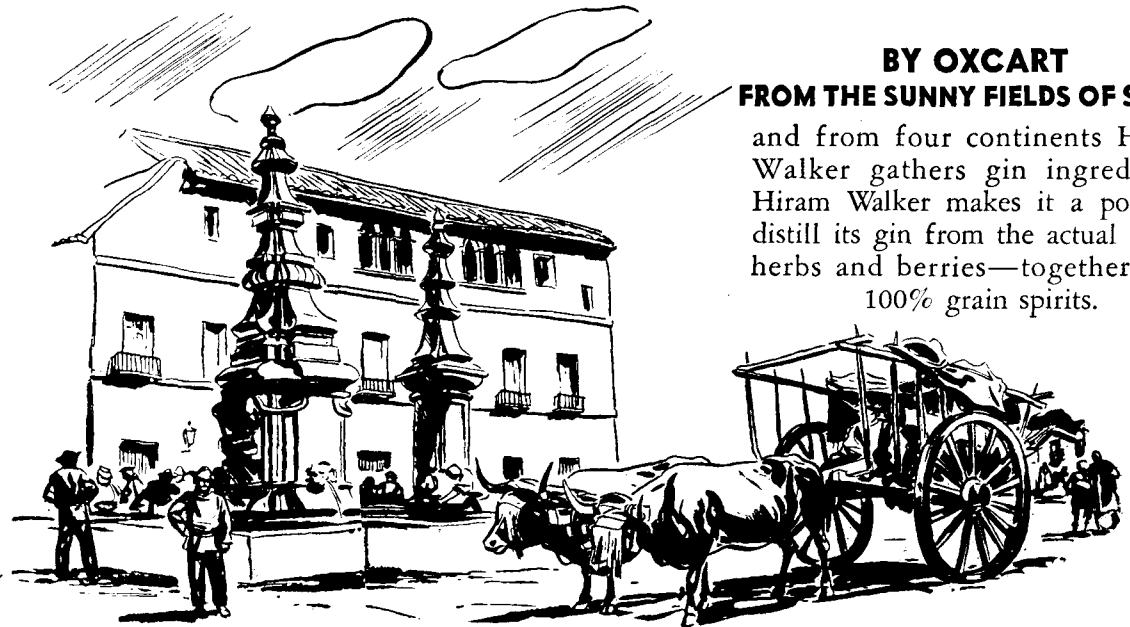


WHO SAID BALANCE?

Perfectly balanced gin flavor is insured by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation process—during which nearly a dozen different herbs, fruits and berries are distilled together with 100% grain spirits. Constant scientific check-up keeps each flavor under accurate control, producing the same smooth, even flavor in every distillation.

NO LARGER THAN A SHIP MODEL

is the miniature gin still which Hiram Walker uses for a test run before distilling each batch of gin. The double-check by test run in the "pilot" still insures the flavor being completely right.



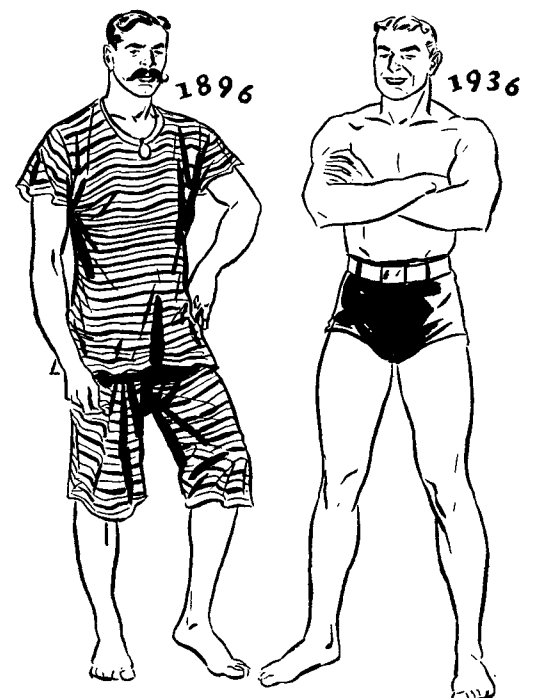
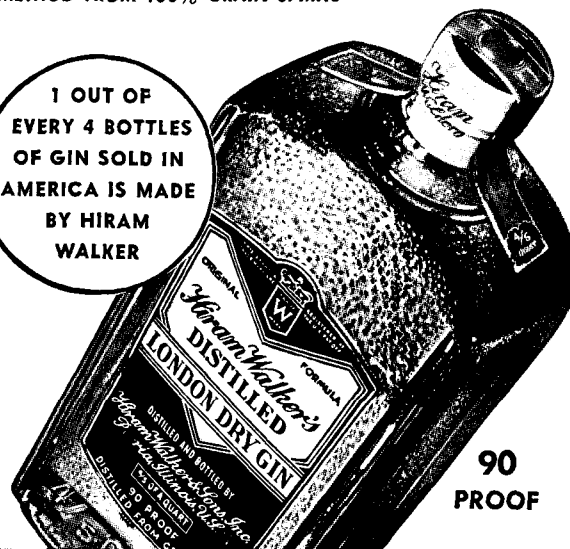
BY OXCART FROM THE SUNNY FIELDS OF SPAIN

and from four continents Hiram Walker gathers gin ingredients. Hiram Walker makes it a point to distill its gin from the actual fruits, herbs and berries—together with 100% grain spirits.

Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

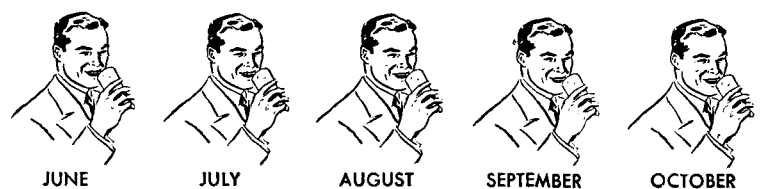
DISTILLED BY THE EXCLUSIVE CONTROLLED CONDENSATION
METHOD FROM 100% GRAIN SPIRITS

1 OUT OF
EVERY 4 BOTTLES
OF GIN SOLD IN
AMERICA IS MADE
BY HIRAM
WALKER

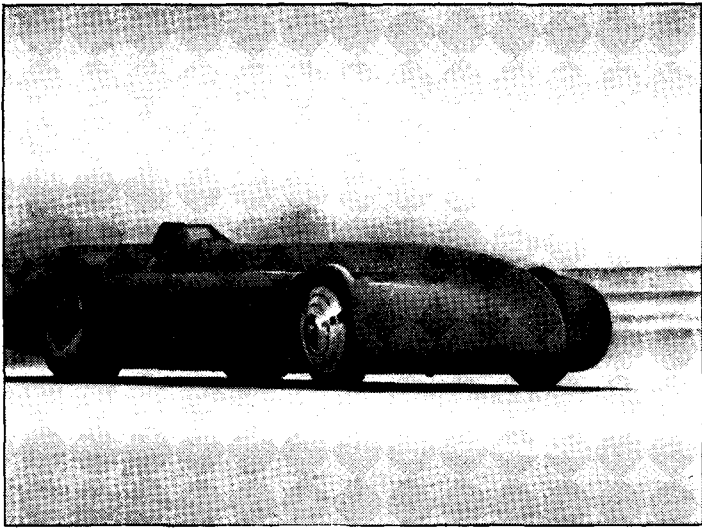


WHAT A DIFFERENCE

between old-fashioned and modern methods of distilling—and between various brands of gin. You can taste the finer flavor in Hiram Walker's Gin, the only gin distilled by the Controlled Condensation process.



ALWAYS THE SAME — Gin ingredients vary in flavor strength from month to month, according to soil and sunlight. Hiram Walker's Controlled Condensation process measures and compensates for such variations in each distillation formula. That's why the 18,142,369 quarts of gin which Hiram Walker distills annually all taste exactly the same.



DAYTONA BEACH, Florida; fastest auto racing track in the world! Driving at high speed is not as hard on your engine as starting . . . if your oil is **TOUGH** enough to withstand high heat.

ONE START *can* cause *More engine wear* than *200 miles an hour*



IN STARTING, over 100 moving parts go into action. Unless your oil flows instantly, these parts can rub against each other and serious wear results. Here you need a **FAST-FLOWING** oil.

But this new fast-flowing oil reduces starting wear

IT'S not fast driving or the miles you pile up on your speedometer that wears out your engine! It's *starting!*

Engineers now say that the starting period can cause approximately 75% of engine wear.

To combat this wear, Shell engineers have produced the new

\$3,000,000 Golden Shell Motor Oil.

This oil is **FAST-FLOWING** for starting, yet **TOUGH** so it holds its body under high heat and resists breaking down into sludge and carbon!

Experts call the process behind Golden Shell the biggest advance in 25 years of oil refining.

It is possible for the recommended grade of Golden Shell to keep your engine "young" a year longer. That's a good reason to stop at one of the 30,000 Shell stations today.

The New Motor Oil
GOLDEN SHELL

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 30

Through his sleep, long afterwards, came the howling of an engine's whistle against the wind. He felt the coach roll along the track; he lifted himself on an elbow, to see the solid banks of snow creep by. They were moving upgrade.

EVANSTON'S few houses showed their ridgepoles as vague angles on the surface of the rising snow. Past Evanston the steel mounted one frigid mile at a time through glittering, wide walls twenty feet high, from one contour to another, across a world turned solidly white. Foot by foot the telegraph poles disappeared beneath the drifts, the crossarms near enough to reach by the lift of a hand. Standing on the platform of the coach, Peace watched the boarding train creep another completed stretch toward Wasatch, now six miles away on the howling, winter-beleaguered heights. Snow laid a thick-driven screen across the sky; the bundled forms of Casement's terriers were vague shapes at a distance of twenty feet. A man stood propped against his shovel as the coach rolled by, and shook his head. "Ye'll do better back where it's warm, Mister Peace."

That night, Eileen rode the cab of an engine up from Bear Town to see him. She was excited and pleased at the trip and the little-girl glow in her eyes brought out Peace's smile. "They were quite nice to me," she said. "I sat on the engineer's side."

"They should be nice to you, Eileen. You're an old-timer on the Union Pacific now."

"It's you," she said thoughtfully, "that makes them nice to me. They know that you and I—" But she bit the sentence between her teeth and a quick color stained her cheeks. "I didn't mean to say that."

"Why not?" She shook her head. Her old pride straightened her shoulders. "I don't know your mind very well, Frank. You're not a changeable man. Yet you have changed, and I won't hold you to any promises. I want you to regret nothing. I couldn't have you sticking to a bad bargain."

She had been speaking in a quiet tone; but that last sentence came out swiftly, like a repressed cry. She was offering him his release and she was trying to be casual with him and not succeeding. He turned his head away, staring at the solid frost on the window. And shame stirred him painfully. He said gently: "No, Eileen. You're all a man could ask for. I'm happy over my luck."

The silence came rushing on. He rolled his head around again. Her eyes were bright and near tears; yet that steady glance went into him powerfully and searched him. Afterwards—and he could not tell what her thoughts were then—she sat down on the edge of his bed and her fingers touched his hands in a light, brushing way. Afterwards her talk was faintly gay.

"What will you do when you're through here, Frank?"

"Reed says Dodge has us booked for another road, in Texas."

"Yes," she murmured. "I thought it would be something like that."

"It won't be so bad, Eileen. I'll promise you—"

"I'm not complaining," she broke in instantly. "Oh, perhaps I was once. It seems too long ago—and so many things have happened. The things I thought then aren't very real now. Only one thing is. I want to be with you, Frank."

There was a fragrance and a simplicity about this girl; there was a humble

candor that kept deepening his shame. He remembered when she had been so certain of herself. But he had destroyed that world she lived in—all its security and its beliefs; and now she sat beside him, not afraid of what lay before her, yet hesitant and disturbed. He thought again of the only comparison possible. Like a little girl walking through darkness.

He said: "It's a little hard for me to pull myself up, or I'd come after a kiss."

It brought back her deep color. She caught her two hands together and looked at them, afraid of his eyes. She put them on the bed and bent, her lips warm when they touched him—warm and shy. She drew back, uncertainly smiling.

"Why should I feel a little guilty, Frank? I always do."

An engine backed down the grade, the hiss of ejected steam sibilantly cutting the high run of wind. Brakes squalled abreast the coach and a whistle halloed.

"There's your buggy," said Peace.

She stood up, her fingers hurrying with the buttons of her coat. Excitement showed in her eyes again and her laugh was soft and suppressed. "It's fun. Ben's packing up the store. We'll be at Wasatch next week. I don't know when I'll see you next."

"In Wasatch, then," said Peace, and watched her slip down the coach aisle.

Thoroughly weary, he soon fell asleep and was vaguely conscious of the coach being towed, late at night, up another constructed mile of the grade. In the morning he woke to a whiter, higher world; and slid into his pants and tramped the coach aisle for half an hour, testing his strength. That night, end of track lay three miles from Wasatch; and Overmile came in and gossiped a bit and went away. There was no letup to the gale sweeping viciously across the world; there was no diminution of the dense driven snowfall. The following day they made another mile; and then took two days to gain an additional mile. Winter fought Casement's Irish bitterly, knifing through their coats and numbing their hands; the right of way hourly vanished and had to be discovered again. Five days from Eileen's visit a savage night roared down on Peace's coach, with Wasatch town five hundred yards ahead. Harrison dropped in, looked at Peace's chest and said, "You can buckle on the harness tomorrow," and left. With that cheering news, Peace fell asleep.

A VOICE said, "Well, Frank," with an intonation that dragged across his shallow slumber. For a moment, not quite awakened, he thought it was one of Collie's guards announcing daylight. Bitter cold flowed through the car and the roar of the wind was like the rush of water over a high fall, shaking the coach on its heavy springs. Light dropped a pale glow against his eyes when he opened them.

Al Brett stood beside the bed. He had his hands stuck into his pockets and a thin smile stretched a line across the wind-whipped coloring of his cheeks. His lashes were white with frost.

Shock pounded through Peace in long, somersaulting beats; it whipped his mind keen. His gun hung behind him, beyond sudden reach. The fire had gone out of the stove and he knew then Collie's guards had deserted him. He lay wholly still, murmuring: "How are you, Al?"

"Cold," said Brett, soundlessly laughing. "Cold and damned sleepy. It's a hell of a job to plug through this wind."

But I was kind of curious. I'd heard you was to be a cripple. That would be a joke. Frank Peace a cripple. What's the answer, Bucko?"

He had been drinking; his eyes were yellow and restless. Temper flared uncertainly in them, like the unstable, spooky reactions of a cat animal. Peace remembered the tongue-lashing he had given this man in Campeaux's saloon at Bryan.

"I've got to disappoint you, Al. I'm all right."

"Disappoint me? Me?" That rash, bold grin stretched its tighter line across Al Brett's mouth. "What do you think I came here for?"

Peace said, "You answer that one."

Al Brett quit grinning. A faint noise at the car's end whipped his head around; it swung as swiftly to Peace again, eyes bright as shining silver. As warmthless. "Your guards got thirsty and walked up the grade to get a drink. I saw 'em go."

"That's what you waited for, Al?"

"Yeah," murmured Al, and rubbed his boots gently along the car floor.

Peace considered his possibilities and found them no good. He could not get at his gun; and the guards were beyond call. He twisted his head along the pillow; his long toes made a tented shape in the blankets at the foot of the bed. The bitter air scouring down the coach aisle sparkled like frost in the dim light. "What time is it?" he asked.

"One o'clock of a rough night," Brett's stare was a ceaseless, greedy pressure against Peace, like the insistence of a knife point. Brett's cheeks were strict and smooth. "You're a hard gent, Bucko," he mused. "I give you credit. You know what I could do to you right now?"

"It's a thought," said Peace indolently.

Brett growled. "You know it is. And you're thinkin' I'll do it."

"Yes," said Peace, "I think you will."

BRETT scowled. "Listen. I was sittin' in Campeaux's tonight. I got to considerin' those guards Collie Moynihan's been puttin' around this coach. It made me sore. To hell with you, Bucko! You can figure Duke Ring or Jack Cordray for this sort of stunt. But I never assassinated a man in his bed and I never will! I got a little pride. I want you to know it. I'm not Ring and I'm not Cordray. I'm Al Brett. I'll fight any man that lives and one day I'll fight you, in my own way. But you'll be on your two feet when I do—see? You'll be on your feet, able to take care of yourself. I don't shoot my turkeys on the roost. I don't have to. That's what I come to tell you, Bucko." He was angry then, angry in a bold, flaming manner. "I don't want any advantage from you and I want the world to know it," he snarled, and brought both his hands from his pockets and wheeled down the aisle.

An hour later, when Collie Moynihan's two guards came back from Wasatch, they found Peace sitting up in bed, cleaning the barrel of his gun. He said: "Wish one of you boys would get that fire going. It's twenty below if it's anything."

Around two o'clock of the following storm-slashed afternoon, he stood on the steps of the coach as it crawled slowly up the grade and stopped in front of the depot. Wasatch's main street was a white canyon running back from the new track; a canyon feeding tunneled-out passages leading into a double row of scattered cabins entirely lost in the snow. He stepped down from the coach, his legs spread apart in the manner of a sailor touching firm ground; his knees were a little uncertain. But he stood there and bowed his head gratefully against the full beat of the wind, grinning at Overmile and Millard, who waited for him.

"Got a job for a good man?" he said.

Overmile said: "What's your specialty, pilgrim?"

"Trouble, I guess."

"Hired," stated Overmile. "And, brother, you're goin' to get stoop-shouldered from the work."

BILL WALLEN walked down Wasatch's bitter street, through a premature wind-torn twilight. Opposite Nan's he paused and saw a man enter the restaurant; and so he resumed his endless tramping, circled the depot and started back. At Campeaux's Ring stopped him. "What you doin' here? Thought you was down by Echo Canyon."

"No," said Wallen and went on. Nan's windows were covered by a milk-white sheet of ice. He stood there, touched by a faint current of warmth creeping out of the building cracks, and tried to see through. Presently somebody left the restaurant—the same man he had seen enter a little earlier. He paused at the door, stiff and uncertain, as ready to run as to go in, thoroughly at the mercy of his contrary impulses. He didn't know what made his hand turn the knob. He closed the door behind him, the light harsh on his eyes.

Nan said, "Sit down."

He waited a moment until his vision had cleared. He unbuttoned his buffalo coat and took off his cap. The streak running back through his black hair was almost pure white and his face had a wire-drawn thinness. He put his shoulders against the door, watching the girl.

"Are you sick?"

He said, "No. Just a little bit cold. I walked in from the head of Echo."

She was listening to him. Her eyes were guarded, and he saw her lips change expression. His voice ran very carefully along the words, as though he remembered what decent speech should be like. "I suppose there is no reason why I should be here. It would be simpler if I weren't. Do you know who I am?"

She said, so calm that the moment went black to him: "I think you are my father."

"Yes," he said. "That's right," and had no hope in him at all. "I thought you ought to know. Perhaps I'm wrong. It occurs to me I've been wrong most of my life. Of course, after fifteen years, I couldn't expect to mean anything definitely to you." His teeth chattered. "You have become a lovely girl. Your mother also had yellow hair. Good night."

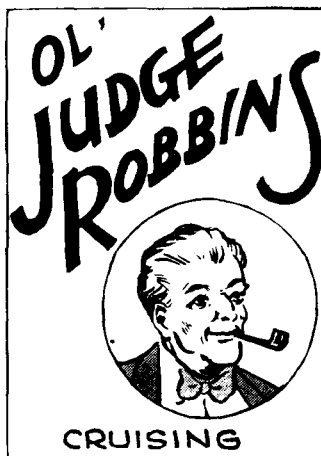
"Wait."

She came around the counter, up to him. She looked at him. "I have always remembered," she said quietly, "the sound of your voice. You used to read to me. It was a book of stories about strange lands. Your voice is still the same." Then she said, at once near tears, "Why, I'm like you!" And laid her hands on his shoulders. He put his arms around her, turning his face. He spoke in a ragged, broken voice: "I think your mother would think a little more kindly of me if she were here to see this."

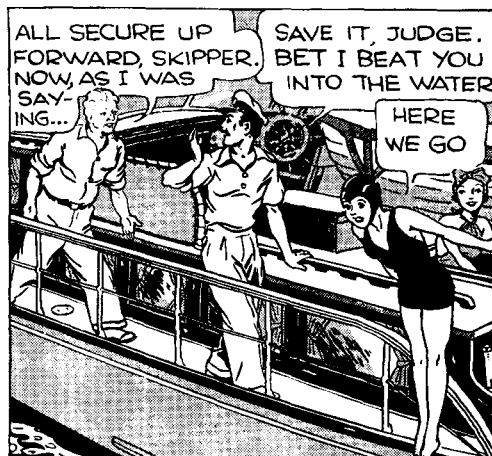
THAT night a wild blizzard lashed across the Wasatch peaks and drove every living thing from the howling streets of this camp. Work trains were caught on the grade, telegraph wires went down, isolating end of track. The snow piled higher and higher.

That night Peace lay in his room in the commissary shack, a roaring fire warming him. Casement and Reed were there, uneasily listening to the storm. Reed said: "I think we're lost." In the back room of the Oliver-Latimer store, Eileen bowed her head over a sewing-basket and tried not to think of Peace. And at this moment Archie Millard sat before a soapbox and lantern in one of the boarding-train cars, and wrote out his resignation from the Army.

(To be continued next week)



CRUISING



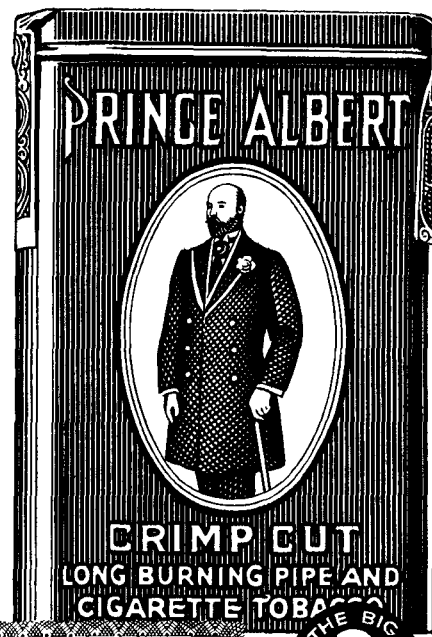
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Beauts and Saddles

Continued from page 21

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THE little girl's mother realizes that it doesn't pay to take chances with inferior lamps that grow dimmer and dimmer as days go by. She keeps her home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps because they *Stay Brighter Longer*... use electricity so much more economically.

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"That's the thirteenth dude you've promised Napoleon to this evening," accused Skeeter Bill. "How you goin' to do it?"

"The same way the Lord fed the multitude with the bread and fishes," replied Mr. Prayin' Joe Barnes. "Tomorrow morning I'm goin' to rename twelve mules Napoleon. I aim to please."

Each summer, it seems, this whole country goes on a back-to-the-horse spree. Tens of thousands of city folks who have seldom, if ever, been on the top deck of a trail pony or mule hit the trails in one or another of the meccas of dude wrangling scattered throughout the western half of the United States.

The Yosemite high country, bailiwick of Skeeter Bill and Prayin' Joe, is only one trail-riding paradise in many. It is a good one because at convenient intervals throughout the high country back of the valley are rustic camps where you can get grub and lodging for a dollar a night and a dollar a meal. So all a dude has to take for a ten-day trip is a couple of extra pairs of socks, a camera, a slicker and maybe a sweater in addition to the clothes on his back. No worries about where to sleep, where to eat. Just carefree, happy-go-lucky days up where the mountains scrape the clouds. Nothing to think about but when the holiday is to end.

Or there is Glacier National Park country where George Noffsinger's pack-and-saddle outfit runs eight hundred head of ponies. Glacier's "Shining Mountains" are not as high as the Sierra Nevadas but they are equally rugged.

Or there is Rocky Mountain National Park, farther south, but higher yet. There is Yellowstone where the Eatons, who originated the dude ranching idea in Jackson Hole just to the south of the park, still take you and other dudes on pack-and-saddle trips among the geysers, the buffalo, the brilliant canyons and past the bubbling lakes of "The Burning Mountains."

No Fancy Clothes

For still greater variety there is Mount Rainier, where the trail winds through fields of avalanche lilies, some of them pushing their blossoms through the receding snow. And in most of the fifty-odd national forests there are good pack-and-saddle outfits waiting to hit the trail.

Maybe it's ranch riding you would prefer? All right, drop off the train or detour from the highway at Wickenburg, which is the hub of dude ranching in Arizona. No, it isn't as hot as you think. Northern Arizona is a high, mountainous country, well watered and forested. If it's desert riding you like, try the ranches around Tucson. Or for winter riding, Palm Springs in California is the mecca around which more than a score of dude ranches flourish from November 1st until late in the spring.

In the generation which just passed, trail riding and dude wrangling have become an industry of importance in this country. Many millions of dollars are invested in guest ranch houses and pack-and-saddle equipment and other facilities to make hitting the trail on horseback or muleback just about the last word in holiday sport. The pack-and-saddle outfits through their association with headquarters in Helena, Montana, maintain offices in the larger cities of the East. Any city feller who wants to take up riding can get information about it through these offices or from any of the railroads serving the western area. The

costs range from eight to sixteen dollars a day, depending upon the swank of the outfit with which you ride. That includes food, bed, horse and guide service.

Clothes? You don't need anything fancy. A pair of "Levi's," as the wranglers call blue denim overall pants, khaki shirt, a sweater, a light raincoat, and a pair of shoes with no laces over the ankles—or at least loose laces. If you want to be a real mail-order cowboy, take along a five-gallon sombrero with wide brim. It's good protection against the sun and rain, or it shields your face if you're pushing through brush.

But I have sort of strayed away from Skeeter Bill Lewallen and Prayin' Joe Barnes up there at the stables. We left them sitting on their chairs propped back against the wall. They were all set to answer a lot of the questions that dudes are forever propounding, such as "Which is better for trail riding, a mule or a horse?"

"A mule," insisted Skeeter Bill. "and I'll tell you why."

Skeeter Bill took off his five-gallon hat and scratched his head in deep thought.

"The less you know about horseback riding when you are on a mule, the better it is," he said. "Most dudes learn to ride horseback by going to the movies. You can tell the minute they take hold of the reins just how much they know about riding. On a mule it doesn't make any difference. You couldn't get a mule off the trail if you tried, so you might as well give him the rein. With a horse it is different. If you pull on the reins he backs up. He'll back right off the trail if you pull hard enough."

A lot of dudes are skittish about mules because mules always walk on the outer edge of the trail with their toenails hanging over the cliff. Horses walk in the middle of the trail. Even so, the mule is safer, says Skeeter. A mule is more sure-footed than a horse and it's just an old mule custom to walk on the outer edge of nothing.

More than half of the dudes who show up for trail riding in the national parks are pilgrims—greenhorns. In Yosemite about four out of five trail riders are women. Women riders predominate in all parks. Jim Whilt, the veteran Glacier National Park guide, says that two out of every three Glacier riders are women. It is the same in Grand Canyon and Rocky Mountain National Parks. And even on dude ranches.

Skeeter Bill and Prayin' Joe have the trail riders classified in three groups—dudes, dudelettes, and dudeens.

Dudes are the new ones with no experience in trail riding. Dudelettes have had enough riding to know how to get on and off a horse by themselves. Dudeens are the veterans of the trail. As Skeeter Bill explains it, a trail rider is a dude as long as he has to be peeled off his horse or mule at the end of the day's ride.

"Some of them get stuck on so tight you almost need a derrick to get them off," he said. "I'm pretty tall, so I just slide them off onto my hip and let them slip down my leg to the ground."

No one need hesitate to tackle trail riding because he's inexperienced as a rider. Skeeter Bill says any good wrangler can make a trail rider out of a pilgrim in a couple of hours. That sounds like pretty fast learning, but here's all there is to it:

"Relax from the hips up and stiffen a little in your legs," Skeeter tells them. "In trail riding put your weight into the stirrups. Going downhill brace yourself in front. Don't sit like a sack of sand.

Help the horse along by showing a little life.

"When a horse starts to canter, lean back against the cantle of the saddle. Not forward like most dudes do. Lean back and get the motion of the horse and you will gradually work right in with him. Keep your elbows in.

"Give with the reins with every step. If you hold the reins rigid, every time the horse steps, his head jerks and the bit cuts his mouth.

"If you get tired and sore, ride uphill and walk down. Rest quite a bit. Take a hot shower in camp and relax. In about two or three days you are okay. A few people, of course, never do get over their soreness. You can't do anything for them."

Most of the dude wranglers are former cowboys "gone soft," as Joe Barnes puts it. To be a good dude wrangler a guide has to be more than a horseman. He has to be a friend and a philosopher and an entertainer. Prayin' Joe says wranglin' dudes is a lot more grief than wranglin' cows. When life looks darkest you have to take their minds off the weather by telling them stories. You don't tell cows bedtime stories.

When Prayin' Joe Retires

It goes without saying almost that a good dude has to be able to sing "The Last Round-Up" and "The Red River Valley," either on the trail or around the campfire.

Skeeter Bill was packing out of Wawona when a couple of dudes from Big Trees Lodge showed up for a ride. At the last minute the gentleman decided not to go, but his wife hit the trail with Skeeter. Skeeter didn't catch her name. It was a kind of quiet sort of ride and toward the end of the day, Skeeter started to sing "The Last Round-Up" for her.

"She hummed along with me," said Skeeter. "When I got through she said it was very nice. She said she once sang, too, in the movies with Lawrence Tibbett. All of a sudden it dawned on me that I had been singing to Grace Moore. Here I thought she was just a poor little dude girl out from the East and I was giving her a treat by singing for her."

A good wrangler considers it part of his job to string the dudes along with yarns and whoppers, mixed in with a spicing of the truth. But not too much.

I was talking with Skeeter Bill and Prayin' Joe about what happens to dude wranglers in the end.

"Well," said Prayin' Joe, who has been around a great deal, "sooner or later he spots a good-lookin' woman and gets his hat set for her or she sets her hat for him. That's the way it usually happens. Some of the boys down in Arizona marry some pretty rich stuff. But it never takes, though. The glamor soon wears off. A cowboy is always just a cowboy and in about a year or so he is back wranglin' dudes again."

"What are you going to do for your last round-up?" I asked Joe.

He thought it over while rolling a one-handed cigarette.

"I'm agoin' on a big toot," he said, "like the one I went on a few years back. I went out and roped a mountain lion for a mount and a panther for a pack animal. I had a rattlesnake for a whip. We jumped on a lightning bolt and slid along a barb-wire fence nine miles to town and never got a scratch. That was a real toot, and—"

"Whoa, Dynamite!" cut in Skeeter. "Your cinch is loose ag'in."

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Continued from page 13

your pension. Your total earnings will be \$90,000. Here is what you will be entitled to:

1/2 of 1% on \$ 3,000	\$15.00
1/12 of 1% on 42,000	35.00
1/24 of 1% on 45,000	18.75
Total	\$68.75

You would therefore draw \$68.75 a month. And you and your employers would have paid for this benefit. But if, instead of being just now at the golden age of 20, you are 40 or 50, it is clear that when you become 65 the total amount you have earned will not be so great. Hence, your pension will not be so great.

Here is a case: Suppose you are 60 by January 1, 1937. Suppose you get a small salary—\$60 a month. When you are 65 you will have collected from January 1, 1937, to January 1, 1942, only \$3,600. Your pension will be in that case:

1/2 of 1% on first \$3,000	\$15.00
1/12 of 1% on \$600	.50
Total	\$15.50

From this you will see why the first rate is fixed at one half of one per cent on the first \$3,000. It is to give the old fellows who enter the system late in life a chance. But here is a little point which will arise in your mind.

The \$2,000-a-year man starting at 20, in 45 years will have paid in \$4,800—at least he and his employer will have done so. That sum with interest compounded would be quite large. A \$720-a-year man starting at 60 in five years would have paid in only \$86.40. Yet he draws \$15.50 a month on that payment of \$86.40, while the other man draws only \$68.75 a month on \$4,800 payments. Clearly neither the old fellow of 60 nor his boss is paying for his pension. In six months' time he will draw down more than he paid in. But all are agreed he should have a pension. The question is, who should pay for it? And who is paying for it under this system?

The answer seems obvious enough. Either it should be paid for by him and his employer or it should be paid for by society. But that is not what is done in this act. The cost is loaded upon the shoulders of the youngest group of those insured. This is done by making the rate high. Thus, those who pay the longest will be paying more than a fair rate for their pensions in order to make up for those older persons whose pensions will become due in a few years, before they have paid in much. That certainly does not seem to be fair. It does not seem quite right to put the burden upon those who are just beginning life. It should be met out of some form of general tax based, not upon youth, as in the act, but upon capacity to pay. But we will come back to this later.

The system will begin to operate as of January 1, 1937. Before that date a tremendous job will have to be performed—registering all those who will be covered by it. The board is preparing for that now. Thousands of offices will be established all over the Union—in every county, in post offices, factories and other places, where employees covered by the act will be registered. Each will be given a metal disc, instead of a card, evidencing his entry into the plan. This job of registering alone is going to cost around \$19,000,000.

Employers will begin to deduct the employee's share from his wages beginning January, 1937. They will begin to

pay these taxes plus their own in that year.

But while the collections will begin, no benefits will be paid under this act until January 1, 1942. Anyone who is covered and who reaches the age of 65 by that time or before will begin to draw his pension then.

After that, benefit payments will be due to any worker provided he or she meets certain requirements.

1. He must be employed in one of the covered employments.

2. He must be at least 65 years of age.

3. Between December 31, 1936, and January 1, 1942, on the day he attains the age of 65, he must have collected at least \$2,000 in wages or salary.

4. These wages or salaries must have been spread over the five years—that is, he must have collected something on at least one day in each of the five years.

If his total earnings do not reach \$2,000, then on reaching 65, he will be entitled to a lump sum benefit of 3½ per cent—less than \$90 at most. It is clear that at first for those with small wages, the benefit payments will be greatly inadequate. The only way of remedying that situation is for the states to add something under the old-age assistance plan in indigent cases. This applies only to wages up to \$3,000 collected in any one year.

Collections and Payments

There is one other feature of this plan which ought to be mentioned. If an employee dies before he reaches the age of 65, his estate will receive 3½ per cent of the total wages collected by him since January 1, 1937. If he dies after he reaches the age of 65 his estate will receive this 3½ per cent minus whatever he has collected in old-age benefits.

How much is all this going to cost? Next year—1937—the government expects to collect \$255,000,000 in taxes from employers and employees under this old-age plan. The amount will increase each year. By 1944 it will be over a billion a year. By 1950, it will be \$1,800,000,000 a year.

The amount which the government will have to pay out in old-age benefits and death benefits under the act has been estimated. Next year the board will pay out about \$1,900,000 in death benefits. These will increase each year. By 1942, the first year when old-age benefits will be payable, the total payments will be about \$52,800,000. By 1950 they will be \$505,500,000.

The first thing that strikes you about this is that the payments each year are so much less than the collections. For instance, look them over:

	Tax Collections	Payments
1937	\$ 255,500,000	\$ 1,900,000
1943	970,000,000	94,200,000
1950	1,783,300,000	505,500,000
1960	1,939,100,000	1,379,900,000

You ask why is the government collecting so much and paying out so little? This is one of the great controversial points of the act. I say "controversial." Yet this is hardly a fair word. Old-age insurance is not a new subject. It has been in effect in many European countries for many years. Life insurance companies and actuaries here have studied it and many economists have devoted years to the study of the subject in America. Some states have had laws for several years; and actuarial and social students of the subject have collaborated in the framing of many laws.

It is safe to say that almost all of the men in these groups who might qualify as experts condemned this device.

The reason for this is twofold. It arises from the high rates which are charged. A young man of 20 can get into a private insurance company and get an old-age annuity at a substantially smaller sum. This despite the fact that a private company must allow a considerable sum for the cost of selling the annuity and has a very much smaller group over which to spread the risk. These rates have been made high—first to pay for the annuities of the old persons and secondly to enable the government to build up a great reserve.

The government will collect the taxes from employers and employees and Congress will appropriate it each year into a reserve fund. In ten years' time this reserve fund will amount to \$9,509,000,000. By 1960 it will be over twenty-nine billion dollars. By 1980 it will be forty-seven billion dollars.

What is to be done with it? Under the law it must be invested in government obligations or obligations guaranteed by the government. The amount of government obligations outstanding now is about \$34,000,000,000. So by 1980 in order to provide enough government obligations for the fund, the government will have to issue another thirteen billion in bonds. If this is true, then it does not look as if we were contemplating paying our present vast debt. This reserve idea was the President's. It was opposed by practically all of the private insurance company financial experts as well as those who had studied public old-age systems in other countries. England, after many years' experience with old-age pensions, maintains no such reserves. In 1931, six years after the inauguration of the plan, about \$230,000,000 had been accumulated. But even this was not a legal reserve and was acquired under temporary conditions.

Just submit this whole reserve idea to a little scrutiny. It must be invested, as we observed, in government obligations, or government-guaranteed obligations. What is a government bond? Ordinarily we think of it purely as an investment. And, keeping in mind the solvency of the government, we consider a government bond an excellent thing. But looked at in another way, a government bond is an evidence of the fact that the government is in debt. It is a sign and symbol of a government deficit. A government in debt a comparatively small amount is nothing to excite alarm. A government head over heels in debt is. Government bonds to the extent of \$34,000,000,000 mean a gigantic and alarming deficit. Government bonds to the extent of \$47,000,000,000 is that much more exciting.

To Replace the Public Debt

With this in mind ask yourself what kind of bonds the government is going to buy with the taxes collected from employers and employees for their old-age pensions. They must be either existing government bonds or new ones yet to be issued.

If existing government bonds—which now amount to \$32,000,000,000—what is this other than collecting billions from workers and employers for old-age pensions and using them to pay our vast government debt?

If not existing bonds, but new ones, then what does it amount to? It amounts to using the taxes collected from workers and employers for old-age pensions to pay future mounting deficits.

Do you think the government is not thinking of either of these plans? It must be. There are not enough bonds outstanding to satisfy these immense investment funds. More government deficits will have to be created to create the additional new bonds. And as to using

old-age tax collections to pay the present government debt, here is what Secretary Morgenthau told the congressional committee:

"Such sums (old-age pensions) would be used progressively to replace the outstanding public debt with the new liability incurred by the government old-age annuities. To the extent that the receipts from old-age annuity taxes are used to buy out present and future holders of government obligations, that part of the tax revenue that is now paid out to private bondholders will be available for old-age annuity benefits, thereby minimizing the net additional burdens on the future."

In other words, this is precisely what the President and Secretary of the Treasury are planning to do. Next year they will have \$255,500,000 to pay deficits with. In 1938 the government will have \$767,000,000. In 1939 it will have \$1,299,000,000, collected from workers and employers for old-age benefits which it can use to spend on present relief and recovery charges and other government deficits.

Changes Are Inevitable

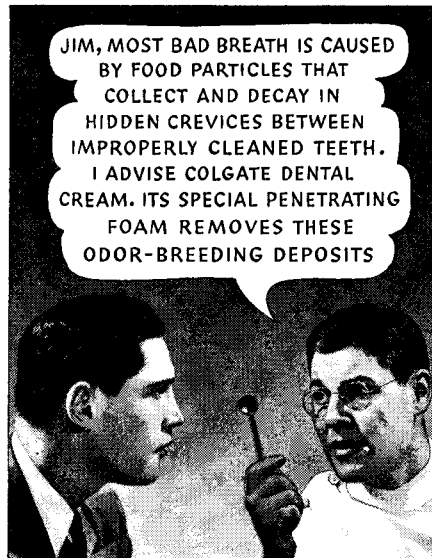
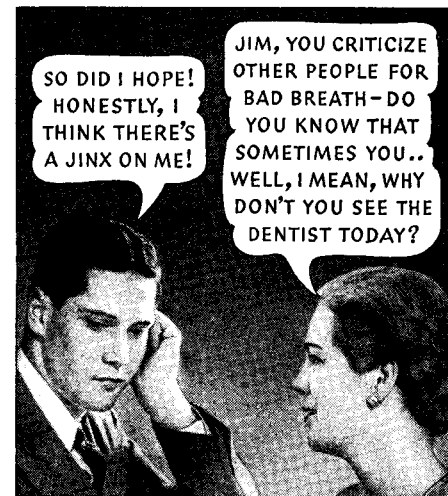
There will come a time when the annual payments in taxes by workers and employers will not be sufficient to pay the benefits. Thus in 1970 taxes collected will be roughly two billion dollars. But benefits will be about \$300,000,000 a year more than that. The Administration insisted on creating the reserve in order that the reserve fund might earn interest enough to make up the difference. But, of course, this is a specious device. The \$300,000,000 will presumably be earned as interest on the bonds which the fund holds. But where will the interest come from? The government will pay it, and the government, of course, has no money. The government will have to raise the interest money from taxes—general taxes.

There is another grave aspect of this matter. One economic defense of old-age pensions is that they increase purchasing power. That is they put into the hands of old people money for buying things which they would not otherwise have. But this will not be so if the money collected from industry each year for many years is greater than the money paid out in benefits, except to the extent that the government spends the money thus collected. Next year the government will collect \$255,500,000 but will pay out in benefits only \$1,900,000. In 1950 it will collect \$1,783,300,000 and pay out only \$505,500,000. It will not be until after 1965 that the collections from workers' and employers' taxes will be less than benefit payments.

It is not too late to correct this grave defect in the act. One cannot talk with Governor Winant without feeling that he will act cautiously and turn a sensitive mind to intelligent criticism.

Certainly some changes will have to be made in the amounts of the pensions paid to persons already past the working age. States ought to be compelled to pay larger pensions and the government itself may have to pay a larger share. And in certain spots where the states are unable to pay adequate sums, some kind of provision may have to be made for greater federal government help.

But these are points which the board may well work out without much difficulty. What is more serious is the high contributions demanded from young workers under the old-age benefit system and the failure to face the government's responsibility to pay a part of the bill, instead of imposing it entirely upon workers and industry through pay rolls. It is this which has led the government to adopt the huge reserve device, which the board should certainly take steps to reconsider.



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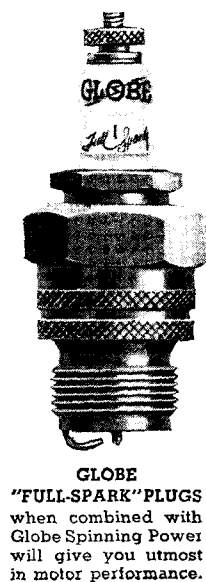
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Down at the Office

Continued from page 11

came forward, stopping not too close to her on the other side of the desk. "Besides, I'm interested. You've achieved the impossible. When I think of my illustrious uncle's office made over into a boudoir—" He chuckled.

She faced him, suddenly at ease. "I shouldn't have done it, I suppose," she said. "The heat makes us do crazy things."

"Right. You and me both." He looked at her curiously. "Are you going to sleep here?"

"I was going to. My room at home is a third this size. I share it with my sister. It's right on the street, and it's twice as hot. This is like going to the mountains."

He did not laugh, but nodded gravely and turned and stood at the window, looking out.

"But it isn't only the comfort," she added defensively. "It's people."

He turned quickly. "What about people?"

"I wanted to get away from them—even my own family—for just a little while."

He did not answer at first, but regarded her curiously. "You and I should have a talk," he said. "Do you mind if I stay?"

"I'm afraid I do. I'm not dressed."

"Get dressed. I'll be back in ten minutes."

She was into her figured dress when she heard him returning. He let himself in from the hall with his key and arrived bearing a paper package. "Chicken sandwiches and beer," he explained. "The party's on." Then, puzzled, "That dress. I didn't notice this afternoon—" "I brought it to wear tomorrow."

"It's very becoming."

She didn't tell him about the dress and Bill. She couldn't, somehow. She didn't want to think about Bill now, or getting used to him and marrying him.

THEY talked lightly as they ate their sandwiches. They drank toasts—to the judge who had furnished the setting, and to themselves. Mary Bates found herself explaining how it was at home and at the office day after day. "And now you," she said, ending abruptly. "You talk. Why did you come back here tonight? To work?"

"That's it, more or less. I have a lot of plugging to do for the exams. But mostly I wanted to get away from where I was. It seems we suffer from the same complaint. I wanted to get away from people."

She looked at him blankly. "You? But—"

"Oh, my case is somewhat different. These are party people. The judge turned his apartment over to my three cousins and myself for the summer. It's been too grand a chance to miss. There's been a party every night for a week. I walked out on this one."

It was strange, she thought, how instinctively she understood. To have too much fun, to run away from too many good times—this should have been beyond her understanding. But instead she knew how he felt. "Didn't they mind?" she asked. "You leaving like this, I mean?"

She was sorry as soon as she said it. He resented it; his manner changed. "One of them did," he said gruffly. "A girl."

"Perhaps you should go back."

He shrugged. "Perhaps. I don't know." He smiled again and shook his head cheerfully. "Someone was giving a Ted Lewis imitation when I left. There was an argument starting in one corner

and a love affair in another. Everywhere you turned there were people. They overflowed all over the place. I tried to make this girl understand. I wanted to take her to a place I know up in Westchester that's never crowded. We would have had sandwiches and beer and talked. You can't talk about anything that matters in a crowd. Then we would have danced a little. . . . Shall you and I dance?"

"Finish talking first. The girl wouldn't leave?"

He shook his head, smiling. "She's a party girl; she's got to have a crowd around. Maybe she's right about me. I'm a queer sort of fish. Unsocial." He stood up, pushing his thoughts away with an impatient gesture. "That's enough talk."

THEY danced easily and without effort. Her cheek rested against the cool silk lapel of his dinner jacket as they circled the broad glass-topped desk. It was easy to forget the thick rug underfoot and the rows of ponderous law books on the wall.

She fought back the question on her lips. She had no right to ask it; he wouldn't like it; he would draw into his shell again. But despite all this, when there was a pause between dance numbers and his arm was still around her, she asked it. "Are you going to marry her?"

He flushed faintly, then laughed. "Make it the other way around," he answered. "Is she going to marry me—after tonight?"

"She was angry?"

"Quite a bit. It seems I'm impossible at times like this."

"The heat again," she said lightly. "We all do crazy things. You should have explained."

He shrugged. "She'll get over it, I suppose."

He adjusted the small desk fan so that its breeze flooded the divan where she sat. "You dance quite a lot, don't you?" he said.

"Very little, in fact."

"Then it must be the partner," he smiled. "A harmonious spirit. A man who understands—Hello! That's the phone, isn't it?"

The ring was insistent above the radio's soft dance music. He frowned faintly. "I told them I was coming here. Or could it be for you?"

"Hardly. Unless something's wrong at home."

"I might as well answer it."

She heard his gruff hello; heard him say, after a pause, no longer gruffly, "Oh, Marge! . . . Yes, dear. . . ." And then, defiantly, she tried to hear no more. She closed the door, turned the radio dial until the latest dance hit swelled through the office, moved to the window and looked out over the city.

Then she was aware of him behind her. She turned, switching off the music. He was watching her unsmilingly, his hat in his hand. "It was for me," he said simply.

"I thought it would be."

"I'm afraid I should be leaving. It's after midnight."

"Oh, of course. It's very late."

He hesitated a moment. Then pretense dropped from him. "It was an ultimatum—from the lady we were talking about. The party's moving on to another apartment, and I'm to join it there—or else. It'll go on till daybreak, probably. Then we'll scatter, change and pack, and it'll turn into a house party at Spring Lake. There was a house party last week end and the week end before that."

"But—but you're going?"

His eyes hardened and moved away from hers. "Yes, I'm going," he said. "She's expecting me." He came forward and took her hand. "Good night. It's been very nice. The kind of an evening I wanted."

"But with an understudy playing the star part."

"An understudy," he nodded. "But a very adequate performance. I'll remember tonight. I'll think of it whenever I see the judge sitting in that chair, trying to be pompous. I'll probably laugh right out."

She drew her hand away. "I'll remember it, too. It's been fun."

"You won't be afraid—up here all alone?"

"I'll go right to sleep. I'm not afraid."

"Good night, then."

"Good night."

She did not move for a long while. The night elevator service was slow; it was several minutes before she heard the doors slide open and shut behind him. Then everything was very quiet. She undressed and switched off the light and lay down on the long divan.

But now she was aware again of the sultry heat. It seemed worse than before. She tried to pick up her dream where she had left off. Bill—and the home he would give her, the small house far out in the suburbs. But at two, when the clock chimed, she was still staring at the ceiling, not even trying.

BILL took possession of her promptly at one the next day when the office closed. He had changed, she thought, as she watched him across the luncheon table. There was more boldness in the way he looked at her, more meaning in his insistent, flashing smile.

"You're pretty enough to kiss," he said. "Even now, when you're all fagged out."

"The heat's kept up so long. A whole week."

He shouted a laugh. "Yeah. It's the heat. . . . First time you've worn that dress, kid?"

"Almost the first time."

He leaned forward and lowered his voice. "Maybe you wore it last night?" he said, and reached for her hand. "Have a good time last night?"

Her hand moved quickly, escaping his. "I was at the office."

His eyes hinted at a secret. "It's okay with me. You were at the office."

Small lines of a frown appeared between her eyes. "Are you driving at something, Bill?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing much. Only I got back to town even earlier than I thought. About ten last night. I figured we might get in a little ride someplace, so I called up your house."

"And they told you—"

"Yeah. That you were staying in town with Ellen Joslin. So I called up Ellen. She's an old sweetheart of mine. You couldn't be working at the office, she said, because things were slack and there was no work to do. And you weren't staying with her all night. I got a horse laugh when I asked her that."

She was coloring, despite all she could do. It was his smile, and the insinuation in his voice. "Bill, I didn't tell them at home because they wouldn't have understood. But I didn't—"

"Stop worrying. I won't blab. You pulled a fast one on the family and got away with it. What of it? You got to do those things if you want any fun."

She leaned back then, clasping her hands in her lap. She didn't try to talk. It was going to be easier and better this way. Bill would end it himself. If this had not happened, she might, thinking of the things Bill could give her, have gone on and on. Driven, beaten, without hope, pressed upon all sides, she might even have convinced herself she loved

him, wanted to marry him. Oh, it was better this way.

"—and, as a matter of fact, kid," he was saying, "you and I are going to get along swell. I guess I had you all wrong. I figured you as one of those prim and proper girls that— What is this? Where are you going?"

She was on her feet, looking down at him from across the table. He was red and flustered and confused, and she saw him suddenly as he really was—small and mean and ridiculous.

"This ends it, Bill," she said quietly.

"Wait a minute! You can't do this to me! I—"

She turned her back, leaving him there alone. The sun was blazing, baking the sidewalks. The air close to the ground was quivering with heat. She couldn't go home now to face Ma's questions. She turned and went slowly back to the office.

The door was open; someone still remained working this Saturday afternoon. She passed the row of small offices where the law clerks sat all day, looking up the law. She was passing the last one when she heard his voice.

"Hello, there!"

She turned sharply. He was lolling back in the chair behind his desk, laughing.

"Surprising you seems to be a habit of mine."

"I thought, after last night—I mean you said you were going—"

"I changed my mind after I left here. The party will have to get along without me."

She watched him a moment. "And the girl?"

He smiled. "The girl, too," he said. "I'm glad you're here. I wanted— Hallelujah! Do you hear that?"

She nodded eagerly. "Thunder," she murmured.

It came again—a distant rumble, so ominous and yet so welcome.

"Come on! We can see it from in front."

Once more they were at the wide window in the judge's office. The whole west was black with billowing storm clouds. Great angry flashes of lightning stabbed at the horizon. A breeze sprang up, fresh and swift and cooling, sweet with the promise of rain.

"Pretty swell, isn't it?"

"It's broken at last," she said simply.

THEN came the rain, pounding in huge spattering drops against the sill, wetting down the burning streets far below. Thunder cracked triumphantly, and the wind heightened, driving the last of the heat before it.

"I wanted to see you," he said, turning on her suddenly. "It's a matter of business."

"Business? With me?"

"Why not? The right secretary is very important to a young lawyer." He paused, looking at her intently. "It won't be until fall. But if you're not spoken for—well, we seem to understand each other pretty well. I rather think we'd get along."

The wind swept in on her, blowing her forehead bare, driving a healthier, more joyous color into her cheeks. "I rather think we would, too," she said.

"Good! Then that much is settled."

She nodded quietly. That much! His secretary! She would see him every day. They would be thrown together constantly. That might mean— Why, there was no telling what it might mean! How often did you hear or read about this or that man who married his secretary?

"It'll be cool in the country, after this," Ward Leathers said. "When it's over, let's take a long ride." His glance lingered on her a moment. "After all, a man and his secretary should get to know each other, shouldn't they?"

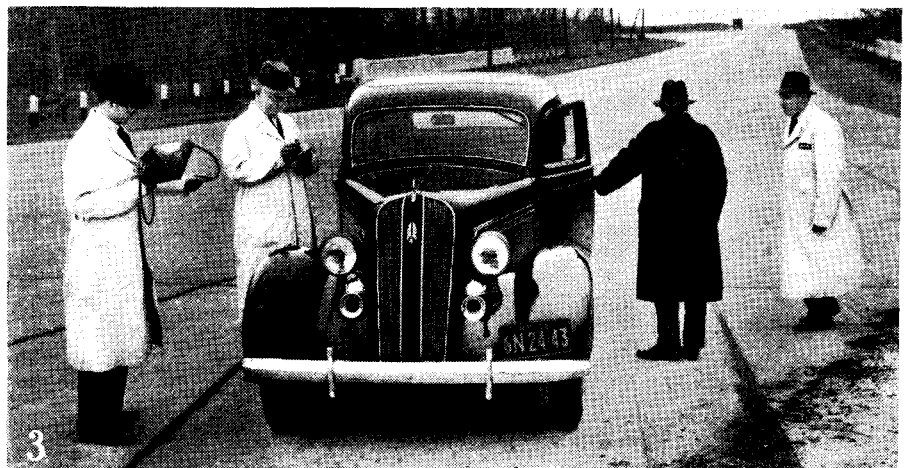
She smiled at him wisely. "Of course they should," she agreed heartily.



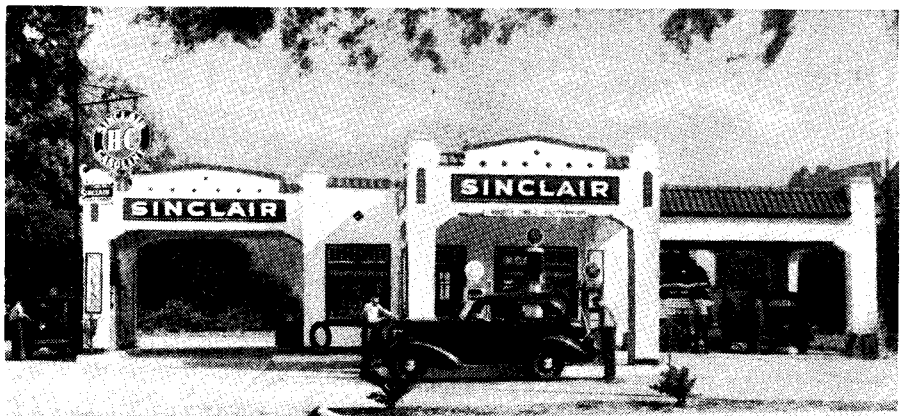
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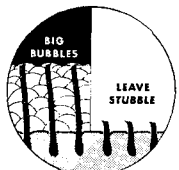
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Callahan's Revenge

Continued from page 9



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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.



no one can break. I wasn't feeling good, see? I was out of the city all that week. On a farm. I got maybe ten people to prove I was there."

"Sure," Callahan answered. "Anyone as smart as you would. But there's talk going around your alibi can't stand up. The commissioner got you spotted on Fletcher Avenue just before the shooting. And you don't have to sing to me about it. It's the D. A. who gets paid for arguing that with you."

"Maybe," the Kid said. "Gimme a chance to talk. Will you, Callahan?" He hammered a hand with soft impatience against one knee. "You're in a spot now where you can do yourself some good. If you pick me up it's two months before the trial comes up. They won't gimme bail. So guys like Little Abe see a chance to muscle in on the racket—they knock it all to hell."

"So what?" Callahan grunted. "Use your head. Out, I keep running my business. In the can, it scatters on me. So it's worth dough to me to keep out, Callahan. It's worth five grand."

"Five grand?" Callahan felt his teeth grit. "Why, you little—"

Choked, he made a raging step forward to knock him off the bed. Kid Numbers didn't flinch. Looking up at Callahan with the hard, black eyes, he said: "Ten grand. That's dough, Callahan. That's tops. Take it or leave it."

Callahan halted just over him, but he didn't knock him off the bed. Something stopped him—a sudden, venomous picture of Harrison T. Finley that came into his mind.

"In cash," Kid Numbers said, his bony, upturned face harsh angles, polished grayish by the misty light from the street. "Right now. Right here, Callahan."

He got up and crossed the room on his bare feet. From a bureau drawer he took rubber-banded stacks of bills and came back to the bed, switching on the small lamp at its head.

CALLAHAN stood over him, his face shining as if it had been spread with oil, only the thought of Finley vivid in his mind, only the long-growing hate of Finley cut sharp into his inner, confused tumult. A sucker Callahan had been—the goat. Finley could break him—Finley, who wasn't a cop, who didn't know the job; Finley, who shamed good men, prating of excellent police work, honest merit. Finley the despised, the contemptible...

In a fraction of time that was so vividly detailed it might have been an hour, a queer, distorted thing happened to Callahan. It happened not consciously, but as if something more powerful than himself took his mind and shaped it in flaming conviction to its own view of things. It seemed that if he took the money he was punching Harrison T. Finley in the face. It seemed as if the action would tell him that Callahan was a good cop, a better man than he, and that nothing Finley could do could change that. A queer, distorted view, surely; but hate and pride are queer, distorted growths—old affinities that can fashion a man to incalculable ends.

Callahan went alone down the steps, out through the store to the street. On the pavement he plunged doggedly ahead, fighting the tarnished fury in him, knowing vengeance in a surge of black joy. Outside the brass plate of A. F. Moore, M.D., he stopped and stared upward at the light that was still lit in the waiting-room. The light meant Judie would be there. She'd—

He went up the steps with the anger in him turned on Judie unaccountably, and so fiercely that he could feel it hammering at his temples. Callahan wanted to do many things—throw the bills in Harrison T. Finley's face, or knock him down and kick him into the gutter, or just grab him by the shoulders and shake him like a rat. Callahan was going to show him. But first he wanted to see that girl; he wanted to tell her that he had ten thousand dollars in his back pocket. What did she think of that? Callahan, the dumb flatfoot.

SHE was just coming out of the inner room. Her face grew stiff when she saw who it was, and he had to grip her hands to prevent her from passing him. "Please," she said, in a frigid, stranger's voice. "I'd like to pass, Mr. Callahan."

"Would you?" Callahan said. "Would you, now?"

Somehow, after that no words came, and all he could do was glare at her. Then something broke in Judie; he saw her eyes begin to flame as she struggled in his grip.

"Are you going to let me go? Are you? This instant!"

"No," snarled Callahan. "Not yet, my girl. There's one or two things I want to tell you first. You and your Sunday boy friend. You were all fixed with him, weren't you? Old friends. Hell," Callahan said, and he laughed, "I just filled in. Maybe I wasn't supposed to have a head to think with."

Her mouth had a dangerous set to it. "Mr. Callahan," she said, "not that this concerns you at all—not that I have to explain to you—but there isn't any reason why I should account—"

Callahan shook her. Callahan yelled: "I supposed he didn't want to marry you. I suppose he—"

"He did," Judie cried. "He did. Tomorrow I'm going to tell him I will. I'm going to tell him that, Mr. Callahan."

"Sure," Callahan said, with furious laughter between his words. "Why wouldn't you? You'd never marry anyone like me. You wouldn't have a maid or a big car or trips to Europe—you wouldn't have a lot of clothes. All you'd

have would be some kids and a six-room house and a lizzie if things went right. Don't you think I knew that all along? Don't you know I had you figured from the start?"

"Marry you!" Judie said. "If you were the last man on earth—I wouldn't. A Chinaman—"

Shaking her, Callahan roared that she would, yelling it in her ear without any idea what he was saying. And Judie began to yell back, so that their voices clashed and neither heard the other.

"I did," Callahan shouted, goaded and desperate. "I did love you—I was fool enough for that. When you didn't give a snap for me—when I was only—"

"I was the fool," Judie cried. "Does that astonish you, Mr. Callahan? I wrote to you; I even asked you last night why—"

Callahan began to lick the sudden dryness of his lips. "You didn't," he said dazedly. "You couldn't or you—"

"Oho," Judie said, her voice shaking and her eyes blazing bright, "don't fool yourself now, Mr. Callahan. It's changed. I despise you. You're unspeakable!"

"Judie," Callahan pleaded, blocking her way to the door. "Listen to me, Judie. If it was true last night it's true now. It's got to be."

"It has," Judie said, "has it? Do you think I'd ever be such a boob again? You never said you loved me or that you wanted to marry me. You'd take me out and never, never, never—"

"Look," Callahan said, with his two hands out before him. "I lied to you last night. I lied because I was afraid, Judie. I thought you'd laugh about it if I told you. I couldn't say it. That's the kind of a guy I am. I couldn't say I loved you. It would make me ashamed. It—"

THE doc came into the room and blinked at them. He cleared his throat and said something vague about Pat Doyle on Naples Street, then went out through the front door, looking backward at them over his shoulder. Just before the door closed he winked solemnly at Callahan, moving his eyes angelically upward, then shaking his head in a disapproving fashion.



"It's from the chief ... there's been a fire! By golly! I thought I heard the alarm!"

JAY IRVING

"You couldn't," Judie said. "Isn't that a pity! Do you think I'd have believed you—do you think I believe you now? A girl wants fine things—maids and cars and trips to Europe, does she? Weren't you very clever, Mr. Callahan? Didn't you know it all? If I loved a man," she demanded, stepping up to him, "do you suppose I'd care if he had a dollar or a million? Do you suppose I would, Mr. Callahan?"

The question was purely rhetorical. It seemed that she was watching his mouth and spoke as soon as it opened.

"Or do you think I'd care for a man who thought that I was that kind of girl? You're almost funny, Mr. Callahan. There are so many things you don't see. You're thick-headed and dumb, like the others. You'd have tried to bully Doctor Moore like they did."

"Others?" Callahan said. "Cops? What were they here for?"

"WHAT were they here for?" Judie repeated, mimicking him with ferocious pleasure. "You don't even know that, Mr. Callahan. They said the gangster who shot you and killed the other man would try to pretend he'd been in the country that day. And they found out from one of his men they'd caught that the doctor saw him in a car on Fletcher Avenue a couple of minutes before the shooting. He was always coming here and imagining all kind of things were wrong with him. The doctor knew him well."

Callahan's voice had a croak in it. "Kid Numbers—it wasn't Kid Numbers, Judie?"

"It was. They called him that." Something changed in her eyes as she looked at his mottled face. "What's the matter?"

"Pat Doyle," Callahan croaked. "Pat Doyle on Naples Street. Isn't that where he said he was going?"

"Yes. What's—"

Callahan's mouth jerked flabbily; it felt cold and paralyzed.

"He moved—he moved yesterday, Judie. The house was condemned and he had to get out. The house is empty now. If someone phoned it wasn't Pat Doyle. He'd have given his new address. It was someone who wanted to get the doc there alone."

A terrified whiteness surged up through her cheeks. She clutched at him but Callahan tore loose. "Police," he croaked, as he opened the door. "Phone them, Judie. Tell them Naples Street."

He went down the stoop in a single flying leap. Kid Numbers was a careful man. In a house that was empty now, in a dark hall that would swallow up a pistol shot, muffle it and lose it—

Oh, Callahan knew it was Kid Numbers. Hadn't he himself told him the commissioner had a witness? Wouldn't the Kid think back to all the people he'd seen that day, carefully and desperately? Wouldn't Kid Numbers say of course—the doc? He passed the car and said hello. He—

Callahan ran, sobbing for breath. When he reached Naples Street he was staggering and only his momentum carried him on. It was a short and narrow street, with dark, three-story houses on the left that had dilapidated wooden stairs leading up to them. Pat Doyle had lived in the last one, on the top floor, and as he reached the stoop Callahan stopped. If he hollered— He yanked open the door and plunged in, and somewhere above him there was only one shot, as Callahan had known there would only be one.

Against the inner steps he stumbled and fell, and crawled clumsily up. His eyes were narrowed and glaring; above him steps passed, there was a sound of pain.

Then on the last flight there was a sudden flicker of light above him—a

wavering gray pool that hugged one wall like a ball of fog. Callahan came up to it with his mouth twisted and his gun ready, with hate burning his heart. One shot!

The man was lying on the floor of the landing, and there was a match flaming low on the wooden boards. As Callahan reached the landing it died out, and thick, heavy darkness closed in from the walls, swiftly, the sound of pain coming through it. Doc, Callahan thought, with a great drunken anguish in him; Doc, why did you— He dropped to his knees with a tortured sound in his own throat, and from his back pocket he drew his flashlight. Then he gripped the man's shoulder and drew it gently over.

The face of the squat man, Patsy, glared sullenly back at him. Callahan could only look at it. From the end of the hall someone said, "Callahan! Glory be!" and when he turned with the flashlight held high he saw the doc coming out to him.

Callahan must have asked questions, and the doc must have answered them. But he could only remember afterward the doc getting a little petulant, and saying: "Do you think I'm a fool, Callahan? Pat Doyle always had a light in the hall for me. It wasn't there this time and I remembered what you'd said about him moving. It's an old dodge, calling me up and getting me to a place like this to rob me. I've carried a gun at night for years."

"Sure," Callahan said, rubbing his face. "Sure. But—"

The doc said he'd heard the fellow moving and he'd shot to scare him. Callahan struck another match, grinning crazily, and thinking, the old son of a gun.

The doc got on his knees by Patsy, and looked at the wound in his side. Then Callahan remembered something. "Look," he said. "There's someone I got to see. You'll be all right here, doc. Judie called headquarters. They'll have some cops and an ambulance up any minute. I'll be back."

A RADIO car was sirening somewhere as Callahan reached the street, but he didn't wait for it. He went down Naples Street to the alley and through that to the cigar store. The front door was locked but he went through that too with a lunge of his shoulder.

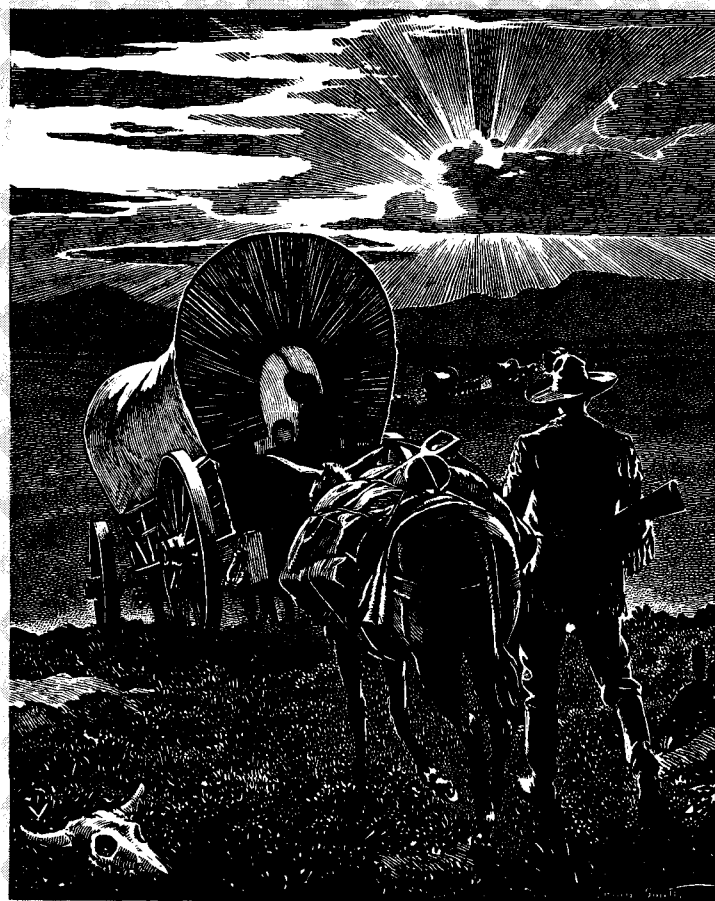
Kid Numbers was sitting on a chair in the darkness, dressed, and with two bags at his feet. Callahan came through so fast that his gun was only half out when Callahan hit him. The crazy grin was still on Callahan's face. He kicked the gun away from Kid Numbers' hand, and then took bills from his back pocket and dropped them in a pile on the Kid's stomach.

Snarling a lot of stuff, the Kid got to his knees. He was calling Callahan a heel and a bum and a double-crossing rat. But Callahan felt so good that nothing of it touched him. He even had a flash of thought that Harrison T. Finley might be all right when you got to know him. Anyway, he felt that he could walk straight again, he could sleep.

He thought of Judie, too, and he knew she couldn't have changed, not overnight like that. Daniel John Callahan didn't hate anybody, not Finley, nor even Kid Numbers. He was going up again, Callahan was; he had the stuff—he was sure of it, now. A year, maybe two; but he was going up.

In that moment, if you weren't a cop, Callahan would have pitied you.

"One thing," he said, as the Kid got on his feet. "You'll have a swell time in the big house, Kid. They'll examine you all you want. Twice a week, maybe. If you're good they might even let you keep your thermometer. Ain't that something?"

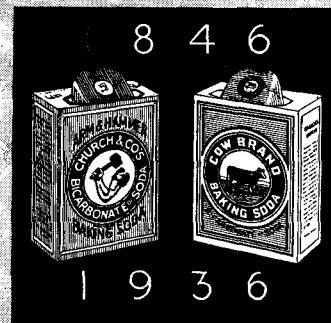


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Bread into Roses

Continued from page 17



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simply, "You know, I suppose, that I've fallen in love with you?"

They walked on. Susannah found her throat thick.

"Lo I?"

"Yes," he said, "I think you do. You let me put my arm about you down at the rail last night. I've thought of it ever since. What did you think it meant?"

"That was last night," the girl said with an oblique glance.

"I know it was. But what did you think it meant?"

"That, perhaps," she admitted.

THEY paced the narrow space between the piers and the boats in silence for a full minute. Then the man asked simply: "Any chance?"

"We've known each other ten days."

"So what?" Alexander said, and she laughed.

"So nothing."

"It's one o'clock, and your mother'll be waiting. But you'll think about this? Would you and she come in before dinner tonight and have sherry or whatever you like with me?"

"I think she might love it."

"About seven? And you'll be downstairs as usual somewhere around nine?"

Susannah did not answer, except with a look straight into his eyes. But she was radiant when she joined her mother five minutes later, and settling at luncheon. Eva remarked curiously upon the bright color in her cheeks.

"Hot up on the boat deck, darling?"

"No; lovely. There was quite a breeze—Mother, Mr. Carey wants us to have cocktails or something with him this afternoon."

"Who's he?"

"He's the man I told you about—his real name is Hazeltyn, but because of some business deal that he's putting through he's calling himself Carey."

"The second-cabin man?"

"No; I told you about that. He thought I was and I thought he was. But he's in Cabin A, on B Deck."

"Cabin A? Oh-h-h?" Eva said, her eyes widening. "That's one of the suites, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. I believe another man's traveling with him. Probably the firm pays for it."

"Where's his wife?"

"She died three years ago."

"Oh-h-h? Like him, Sanna?"

"Beginning to."

Susannah was smiling. The quick pressure that she felt at her heart whenever she thought of Alexander was all the proof she needed that Johnny's hour was over.

"You came!" Alexander said to her in an odd voice, when she descended to the second-cabin decks that night, and joined him in the secluded little niche beside the rail. And quite simply he put his arms about her and kissed her on the mouth.

"Don't kiss me like that!" she gasped in a whisper, her arms strong against his arms. He held her tightly.

"How else shall I kiss you!" he said, and Susannah's breath was gone again. "I love you," the man said, his cheek against her hair. "You fragrant, you wonderful thing, I love you."

After a little, still laughing breathlessly and breathing hard, Susannah was leaning against the rail, Alec's arm firm and strong about her; he had only to stoop to kiss her.

TWO mornings later, when, in the opalescent summer sweetness of dawn they were sailing away from Honolulu, she found Johnny Wardell next to

her at the rail. Susannah's eyes were dreamy with happiness; her shoulders were wreathed with fragrant rings of blossom, with delicate blue flowers that were combined with the rich, heavy cream of the ginger bloom, thick ropes of royal orange, fruity petals of pink and white, purple and gold.

"Before we pass Diamond Head we must throw them all into the sea, Johnny," she reminded him.

"Where were you all day yesterday, Sue? We lunched at the hotel, looking for you; we wanted you to go out to the D'Arblays'."

"We went off on a plantation picnic," Susannah said abstractedly.

"Fun?" There was a note of jealousy in Johnny's voice.

"Oh, fun!" Her tone was faint, vague; she was speaking rather to herself than to him.

"Friends of your mother? Who'd you lunch with? Old friends?"

"No, they weren't there. The people who manage this place, I mean. But the servants served us lunch in the lanai, and we swam, and rode out to look at the sugar cane, and swam again. There was a phonograph, and we had supper on the beach—" Susannah stopped short.

"I thought your mother was playing bridge at the hotel?"

"She was."

"Oh," said Johnny.

Thousands of strands of colored paper were roping the ship to the shore now, but the gangplanks were up and on the double-decked pier a long line of men and women in white were waving her farewell.

"You like that fellow, don't you?"

"What did you say, Johnny?" Susannah brought her eyes reluctantly from the last glimpse of the headland standing boldly forth in rain and shine, and the black volcanic mass of the island behind it.

"I said you like your friend Carey."

"Oh," said Susannah dreamily, "more than that!"

"You mean—but, my Lord, you only met him at Kobe—"

SHE did not hear. Alec had come up on her other side; Johnny saw the russet head turn, heard the glad voice:

"Alec, you missed the singing!"

"I had to send some cables off by the tender." Their heads were close together now. Johnny wandered away. Afterward he was on the boat deck, and saw Susannah and "Carey" in chairs close together, talking so busily that they did not notice him. Johnny noted that one of the man's hands lay over hers, on the arm of her chair.

"Susannah Farjeon's giving this Carey a run," he told Ethel.

"Ha! Playing him against you," Ethel opined carelessly.

"Maybe." Johnny laughed not quite spontaneously. "He's in one of the suites," he said.

"Three of them in there. Jorgensen and Unger are the other two. They're all engineers; they've been in the Philippines," Ethel, who always knew everything about everybody, said animatedly, almost jealously. "I was talking to Jorgensen last night. They only went out a month ago; he's got a wife in Brooklyn."

"Who? Carey?"

"Nope. Jorgensen."

"Gosh, she looked beautiful today," Johnny said. "She gets sort of pale when it's hot, and her eyes look black."

"Darling," said Ethel, "let's wander toward the bar. It's after one. The blond German has winked at me every time

he's walked by and I'm getting a little fed up on him."

"Maybe he'd like me to mash his face in," Johnny said dutifully.

He did not see Susannah except in flying glimpses again. When the Queen Augusta duly docked several days later in the foggy city, Johnny was conscious rather of watching for Susannah as the customs routine went its slow way, but she had evidently been whisked away. Her new friend monopolized her; well, that was all right, if she wanted to marry an engineer from Manila.

He and Ethel went to Burlingame and stayed with friends; they would presently drive to Santa Barbara, or they might fly to Tahoe; their engagement would be announced just before their marriage in November.

They had been in Burlingame three days when Johnny called her attention to a social note in the San Francisco paper:

"Mrs. Lynn Farjeon and Miss Susannah Farjeon, who have been the guests of Captain and Mrs. Otis Randall at the Presidio, will leave tomorrow for New York City, where they are to spend the autumn with Mrs. Farjeon's sister, Madame Fernando di Mendoza."

"You can't quite get her out of your head, can you, Johnny?" Ethel said.

"Don't be more of a fool than is natural," Johnny answered with several kisses.

SUSANNAH and Eva had a drawing-room to themselves; Alec had arranged for it the day before they left, before flying to Gary. On some pretext he had asked to see Eva's reservations, and when he had returned them they had been changed. The train room was sweet with flowers when they took possession of it; there were candy and books.

"Delusions of popularity!" Susannah said, flushed and happy as she saw them. She tore open a letter written on the stationery of the Hotel Saint Francis, and smiled as she read it.

It was night when they left the Oakland Mole; both berths were smoothly made, with fresh fat pillows and smoothly stretched sheets. Their bags were set side by side on the narrow upholstered seat; Susannah began the processes of cold-creaming and brushing with the new dreamy smile in her eyes.

"Alec is extravagant," she said thoughtfully.

"Perhaps too much so," Eva observed pessimistically.

"Oh, Mother, why do you say that?"

"I distrust these men who do things too well," Eva said, with an air of wisdom.

Susannah was looking at herself in a mirror, brushing her soft russet hair this way and that. To herself it seemed that her ivory skin had never seemed so transparent, her eyes so liquidly bright. "I'm getting handsome," she said.

"You think you're in love with that man." Eva was comfortably established against the pillows now, with her reading light lighted. She gave her daughter a suspicious glance.

"Think!" said Susannah, with a laugh.

"While you're thinking I wish you'd think what it means to bury yourself in a place like the Philippines. Manila! Carrie Peyton lived there for seven years; she said it was stagnation."

"This isn't even Manila, Mother. It's a mine or oil wells or factories or something up in the mountains."

"Ha! And how do you know he hasn't got a wife there?"

"I don't, darling."

"Well, you'd better find out before you get yourself engaged to him."

"As a matter of fact, Alec was married about four years ago. He's got a little boy of three."

"Where's the wife?"

"Dead. He showed me her picture. She was a Miss Eliza Livingston, very pretty and delicate-looking."

"Sanna, are you engaged to him?"

"No."

"Are you going to be?"

"No." But Susannah's tone had changed to one of tenderness and apology. She tossed back her mane, sat down on the edge of the lower berth, and laid her hand on her mother's hand. "I'll tell you why, darling," she said. "We're not engaged because I wouldn't be. But we're going to be married next month. We arranged it all yesterday afternoon in San Francisco, just before he left."

Eva lay looking at her daughter.

"Well, you'll ruin your life!" she said at last in a whisper.

Susannah laughed.

"Mother, you're wonderful."

"Don't say that!" Eva said, in sudden sharpness. "You're going to jump into a crazy marriage with a person you don't know at all, and you laugh at me when I'm shocked. He may be a murderer!"

"Darling, I'm not laughing at you. But, after all, I'm twenty-seven. If I can't choose for myself now I'm feeble-minded."

"I think you *are* feeble-minded! What is the idea of this indecent rush? Your aunt—Sanna, I don't want you to say one word about this to your aunt! She hates—she loathes—this sort of—of escapade. An engineer from the Philippines, forty years old, and with a little boy to care for! Is it your idea to go back with him to Manila, may I ask?"

Eva began to cry.

"I had such p-p-plans for you!" she sobbed. "This probably will be some sort of scandal, and then where'll you be? *Nobody* likes that sort of thing! I was so happy about your marrying Johnny. Money and position and everything—big place in Easthampton—sister married to that copper or pipe or iron man or whatever he is—"

"Ah, don't cry, Mother. If I'd seen Alec first I wouldn't have looked at Johnny or fifty Johnnies! I never was in love with him; he was in love with me, and it was Shanghai, and a June moon! That's why I was going to marry him. Don't feel badly, darling. It's so glorious to care for anyone the way I care for Alec. It's so glorious not to care if he's poor or unsuccessful or anything else, not to care if he beats me or runs off with the company's money or anything. I've been walking on air for two wonderful weeks, Mother; I'm possessed!"

"I DON'T know what's got into you," Eva observed, drying her eyes, sniffing, and watching her daughter darkly. "I don't know what you're going to tell your aunt!"

"I'm to tell her nothing. Our plan is that we don't say one word to anyone until—let's see, this is Monday, we get to New York Friday, don't we? Well, on Sunday afternoon Alec is to walk into Aunt Nona's usual Sunday tea at just five o'clock, and we're to announce it."

"He won't come," Eva predicted simply.

"Well, in that case I save my face!" But Susannah was humming as she went on with her preparations for sleep.

"I wish you hadn't done it!" Eva's voice was milder now; she spoke musically. "Lou Beck says I'm too much afraid of Nona," she presently said. "Perhaps I am. After all, Nona's never done anything for us."

"Except criticize."

"I think Lou'd be tickled to death if I'd go up and stay with her in Newport. After you're married, that is, if you're married!"

"I'm as good as married now, Mother. Wedded but not a wife, that's me."

"You're actually crazy about him, aren't you?" Eva asked curiously. "But I don't like the hurry, and I don't like his traveling under a wrong name," she persisted, her tone growing plaintive again.

"He went to the Philippines on a very important mission for his firm, Mother. If his name had appeared in it everyone would have known. His whole name is Alexander Carey Hazeltine; he just dropped the Hazeltine. He and Jorgensen and Unger had to keep the whole thing quiet until after this Gary trip."

"Those weren't their names either, I suppose?"

"Yes, they were. But Hilary Unger told me that it was Alec who was really putting the deal through. As for our announcing our plans for getting married, don't you see how it would have hurt him with the higher-ups to turn it all into a honeymoon?"

"WELL, I hope he turns up on Sunday, that's all. I don't know what you'll do if he doesn't," Eva said, reopening her book.

"Take my throat into Aunt Nona's guest bathroom and cut it," Susannah answered cheerfully, climbing into the upper berth.

"Don't speak of Nona's. I never feel at home there," Eva said nervously, her thoughts diverted. "She was wild with me when I came home. She said that traveling with any man, even when he was as old and sick as old Horace Palmer, caused a scandal. She said no money was worth it!"

"At the same time not offering you any money?"

"Well, no, Nona doesn't, you know. But she'll be furious if anything else goes wrong—"

"Nothing will, Mother," Susannah said after a while.

"I don't know how you're so sure of that!"

The girl, safe in her high eyrie, smiled confidently, was silent, hoping for silence, and after a while had the satisfaction of hearing her mother's deep breathing in sleep.

But as the hours went by and were days, and the days brought her and her mother steadily toward the big, formidable city that she had not seen for almost two years and had never known well, Susannah felt her courage, felt her assurance wane a little. In Alec's presence it was impossible to feel the slightest doubt, but Alec was not with them on the train, and Alec seemed to have nothing to do with Aunt Nona's Park Avenue apartment.

It was a very large apartment on a top floor in a tall building. The entrance hall alone was sixty feet long and fifteen wide, paneled in severely chaste colonial fashion, and hung with a few family portraits. The drawing-room had a terrace outside its long windows, and all the city lay below the terrace, a very Bagdad of cloud by day and of fire by night.

Susannah's cousin, Lola Pope, with Jere and little Jere, were staying with Aunt Nona, so Susannah and her mother were relegated to a secondary guest room, very nice but very small. Their trunks were quite a problem, but Susannah's innocent suggestion that they be allowed to stand in the great hall for a while met with no encouragement from her aunt, and into every other inch of the luxurious apartment something was fitted with a suitability that indicated that it was intended to remain there.

The great tasseled Spanish chairs in

(Continued on page 44)



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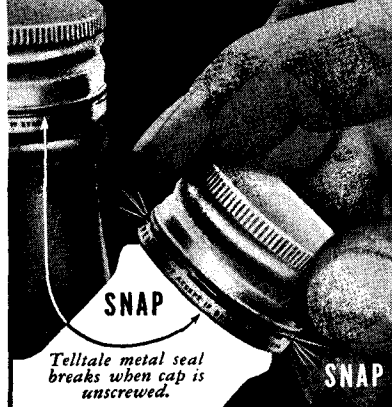
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(Continued from page 43)

the dining-room had each a place against the dark, carved paneling of the wall; pleasant bowls of glass fruit, lamps that had once been heavy old glass apothecary jars, candlesticks, paintings, rugs, deep davenport, braziers, cushioned prie-dieux and wooden statues of the Blessed Virgin, vestments and tapestries, plates and trays in copper and pewter and silver and glass all had their exact places. A professional decorator had arranged the di Mendoza house; it could not be improved.

Aunt Nona's two large rooms faced the southwest and had a balcony of their own. Her dressing-table was littered with tortoise-shell mounted in heavy gold; her carved blackwood bed had once belonged to the Empress Eugénie. It was smothered in transparent embroidered linen and shell-pink silk; the carpet was pale pink; the windows curtsied in billows of handkerchief embroideries and pink brocade. Mantel, tables, shelves, bureau were filled with photographs in heavy crystal, gold, filigree and cloisonné frames. Aunt Nona had met every President and opera singer and celebrity in the world in the last thirty years, and had most of their photographs. Movie queens and real queens vied with each other in inscribing large pictures of themselves to Aunt Nona; dictators scribbled in their respective languages; maharajahs and Chinese potentates forgot national difficulties and beamed at each other across Aunt Nona's pomades and brushes.

AUNT NONA was heavy, florid, important. She dressed richly and fussily, and wore many magnificent jewels on stout little hands. An abiding sense of her own tremendous position in life kept her from doing anything with her time that might distract her from it. Consequently she went on committees and was much introduced at luncheons; she entertained at dinners when the subject of general conversation was often herself and her distinguished and extraordinary career; she kept to the society of those friends who never entirely recovered from an attitude of surprise and admiration at her splendor. Day in and day out servants, children, tradespeople, beneficiaries, intimates sounded the one note to her; she moved among them with a sort of regal dignity, proudly good, proudly charitable, hospitable, gracious, as befitted one of the world's anointed.

Her daughters were small brown women, merry, jealous, worldly, extravagantly happy or unhappy, loving or hating, with scarcely a moment and rarely a motive for change of mood. Each had married a handsome young broker, each had a child; their mother provided each with a large income. To Eva Farjeon, always hovering uneasily as an outsider on the brink of society's enchanted stream and frequently embarrassed for money, Nona's position was sometimes a hard thing to contemplate.

The sisters kissed each other when they met, and Nona showed Eva the great silver bowl that the patients in the hospital had sent her. She had been chairman of the board for twenty-five years; it had been quite their own idea to send her this tribute. The chauffeur sent a message; no, she did not need the car again until eight this evening. A respectful young woman appeared: would Madame di Mendoza look at the flowers and see if she liked them that way? Other flowers arrived; a maid displayed them in a long box. Ah, beautiful; and put the card on my desk, Berthe. The secretary came downstairs, and it was quite impressive to hear Aunt Nona jabber to him in Spanish. After all, she was not Spanish; her husband had been a Toledan. Lola's baby was brought in, a pale little boy with straight

gold hair; Lola spoke French to the nurse.

It was all just a little overpowering to the country cousins who were tired and grimy from the train; appreciative, affectionate, but badly in need of baths and change. There would be a dinner tonight; a theater party afterward. Eva and Susannah hastened to say that they need not be included. Susannah began to feel the nervous strain of the last few days; she wanted to be alone, to think.

"Don't count us in on the theater, Aunt Nona. Or send us to any show. We've not seen anything for so long that it'll all seem good. You mustn't let us upset you!"

"YOU don't upset me in the least, my dear. Filmore and Silva attend to everything. My life is always like this! I've a nice man for you tonight. As for Eva and me, we'll sit in the back of the box and gossip. But I've Dalton Drew for you—delightful fellow. I wanted Alec Hazeltyn, but he's not in town. He's been away for months; I had Filmore call his office."

"Whom did you say?"

"Hazeltyn, very old friend of mine. I've not seen him for years, really, but Lola met him last spring. Delightful man! His wife died several years ago—Livingston, she was."

"He was on the boat, coming from China," Susannah said. Eva stood still, as one turned to stone. They had all been moving toward the drawing-room door, the travelers on their way to their room. Madame di Mendoza paused with an alert look.

"Meet him?"

"Yes, if it's the same man."

"Very good-looking, tall, lightish, with dark eyes?"

"All of that!" said Susannah, laughing.

"You know who he is?"

"An engineer, isn't he?"

"Alec Hazeltyn!"

"Well, he said he was." Susannah pressed her foot against her mother's foot, and Eva shut her lips as one from whom nothing could be drawn under torture.

"Well, he may be. But he's everything else, of course. You knew he was very rich?"

"Is he?"

"He's one of the most popular men in New York," Aunt Nona said. "He has a magnificent apartment over on the river. He inherited all the Hazeltyn mining interests, and he's made a couple of fortunes since in Wall Street. I'm delighted—" said Aunt Nona, with the first approving look Susannah had won from her, "delighted that you know him. How well do you know him? Would he

come in to my tea tomorrow afternoon, do you think? They said at his office he gets home tomorrow."

"He would not," said Lola. "You can't bag him. Gertrude Altmann knows him. He never goes anywhere."

"As a matter of fact, I asked him to call tomorrow; I remembered the Sunday teas," Susannah said. Her aunt eyed her speculatively.

"He'll come?"

"Well, I think so."

"Why didn't you tell me you'd met Alec Hazeltyn?" Madame di Mendoza asked Eva. Eva sent her daughter a fluttered glance.

"Well, we didn't know—he seemed so quiet—he never said—" she stammered happily. In her faded eyes was the light of sunrise. "Oh, Susannah," she whispered with all a girl's excitement when they were safely alone in their own room, "do you suppose it's true? Do you suppose he'll come?"

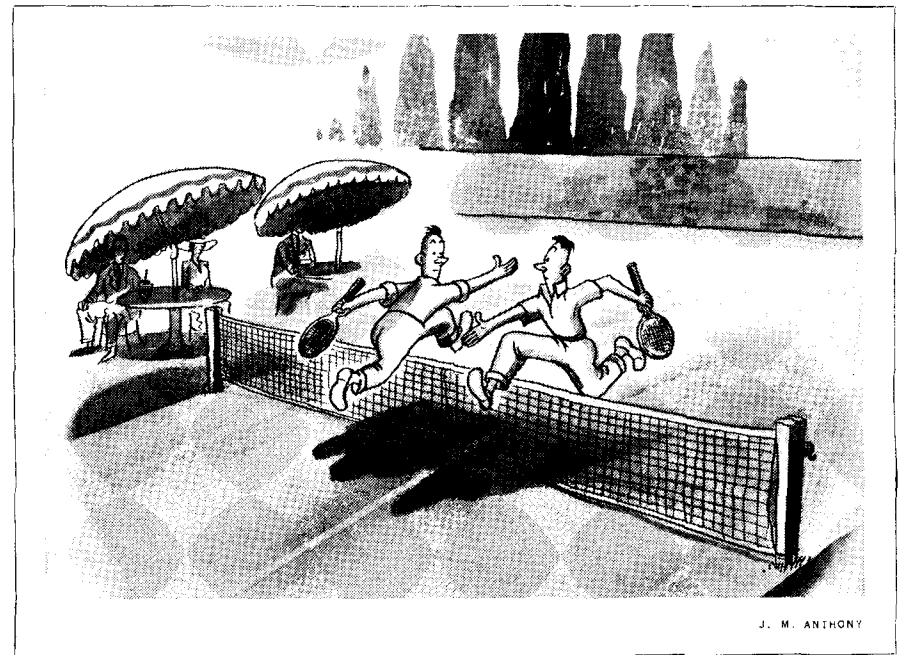
"He'll come," Susannah said. "But as for its being true, I almost hope it isn't. My little house in the Philippines—Alec all to myself—"

She had gone to the window; she was looking down at the gray blur of the city; lights were beginning to prick through the hot afternoon haze; the sky above the river and the prison island were flushed with glory.

SUNDAY was a strange, unreal day. A dreaming August haze lay over the city; no leaf stirred on the dusty green trees in the Park. Eva was tired, and nervous and excited almost to the point of sickness. She elected to stay in bed, and Susannah brought her her breakfast on a tray at ten o'clock.

Lola's baby was not well and a trim young doctor was having breakfast when she went back to the dining-room. Lola was moodily sipping coffee, muttering, "Damn that damn nurse!" from time to time. The doctor said that these hot, steamy days were bad days for colds. Lola's husband, handsome, dull young Jere Pope, would say, "Oh, shut up, darling, the kid's all right!" from time to time, without taking his eyes from the sporting pages.

Aunt Nona came in, magnificent in dark blue broadcloth generously cut about her wide hips, a handsome blue fox fur, white gloves. She was going to High Mass. Susannah made a hasty toilet and accompanied her. Through the long service she listened to a sermon without hearing a word of it, listened to a shrill, sweet soprano singing the Credo and a deep bass rumbling on the Agnus Dei and was not conscious that there was music at all. Afterward she let Aunt Nona go off without her, and walked through the leisurely Sunday



J. M. ANTHONY

streets, and to the bank of the sluggish river, and through crowded quarters where men in shirtsleeves were tending babies and smoking pipes. And it was all like a dream.

Luncheon was informal at Aunt Nona's. Between the late breakfast and the inevitable Sunday tea nobody felt much interest in it. Two young men came in, and Aunt Nona sat watching them eat. Susannah had some cold turkey and an artichoke. She was beginning to be possessed by an unbearable excitement now, and scarcely knew what she ate. She lay down for an hour or two, trying to read. It was no use, and she put the book aside and lay dreaming, her eyes on space.

At half past four she went downstairs. Her aunt, enthroned on a high Spanish chair with a carved back, smiled at her approvingly. A scattering of guests was already there. Susannah must take the tea table until naughty Anita appeared. Cocktails would positively not be served until six at least. Susannah found plenty to do, and presently was talking with some man—a Navy officer—about China. He had been at Hong Kong. Not Shanghai, no. But he knew Bernardine and the McBains, of course.

Lola and Anita came up, giggling over some secret of their own. Anita, looking more like a mischievous gipsy than ever in a wide red hat, put aside her gloves, assumed her duties at the tea table with a loud cry: "It's broiling, out. I walked with the baby and Nurse, like a fool! I'm dripping."

"Sh-h-h!" said her mother from the throne. "She's so bad," she said lovingly. Eva came in, still looking drawn and tired; she passed Susannah on her way to a chair. "Is he here?" she breathed without moving her lips.

"No," said Susannah. "This is Captain Hardy, Mother, who knows your friend McDermott in Hong Kong. Sit here, Captain. Want a fresh cup? Are you going to have anything, Mother?" "Just colored hot water, Sanna, and one lump."

Sanna drifted to the window, stood looking out.

"Mr. Hazeltynne," announced José. The clock struck five hoarse notes. Susannah turned in time to see the tall, broad-shouldered man come quickly in. She stood still, unable to move.

"Mr. Hazeltynne!" her aunt said, pleased. She left the throne to greet him; they were laughing and talking together for a moment.

THEN he saw Susannah and came quickly toward her, and took her hands with that light in his eyes that she never had seen in any other man's eyes. And immediately the room swam into a zone of magic; it was all glorious, the lamps José had just lighted, the scent of delicate tea and of women's perfumes and furs, the clink of spoons and murmur of voices. The great, luxurious room was suddenly the one living place in the world, and she, Susannah Farjeon, the most fortunate woman. With Alec's hard hand gripping hers she would not have exchanged places with any woman alive.

She took him over to her mother, and to the tea table, and introduced him to Anita and Lola. Both cousins flashed their white Spanish teeth at him; Lola said that he must remember her; he had come to her debutante party at the Sherry-Netherland. Alec's pleasant smile was ready in reply; of course he remembered her! Susannah lost the thread of their conversation for thinking how unlike any other smile in the world his was; keen and quick and brief, and always with a look straight into the eyes of the person at whom he was smiling.

But then everything about him was extraordinary; his mere presence transformed the room. Everyone wanted to speak to him; everyone liked him. Al-

most immediately he had one quick aside for Susannah.

"You're dining with me, of course?"

"Am I?"

"I'll call for you at seven."

Then she had to resign him for a little while, but he came back to her, and they stepped out into the summer twilight of the high terrace, and Alec, in the shelter of a row of potted trees, put his arm about her and tipped her face up to his. The enchantment was about her like a rising tide now, and nothing else mattered except Alec. She was happily, vaguely conscious, a little later, that most of the tea guests had gone and that Alec had kissed Mother, and Aunt Nona had kissed Alec; and that there was a good deal of laughing and kissing going on. Then he was gone, and Lola, with little Jere in her lap, and Anita were sitting on her bed with Aunt Nona majestic in the small guest-room's one comfortable chair, and everyone excited and congratulatory. Eva was enjoying every second of this to the full; she had been waiting a long time for such an hour of triumph and pride, but to Susannah it was all rather unimportant. What was important was that Alec was coming for her at seven.

"You've not met his mother then, Susannah?"

"I beg pardon, Aunt Nona? No, I've never met her. I gather," said Susannah smiling and inspecting her bunched fingernails with narrowed eyes, "that she's rather—impressive."

"SHE'S very handsome," Madame di Mendoza said. "Tall, with white hair. And he's got a child, hasn't he? Didn't the Livingston girl have a child?"

"Phil, yes. Three years old, or nearly. When Alec's mother gets back from Europe next week I'm to meet them both."

"Susannah, aren't you excited?" animated little Lola demanded. "I should think you'd be out of your senses!"

"I think I am," Susannah answered seriously.

But if it was madness it was a sweet sort of madness after all, to make herself lovely in the old brown-and-silver evening dress that had seen three years' hard wear and yet somehow held shape and smartness, to catch up the brown wrap and descend to the drawing-room, to find Alec waiting, to feel that earthy ecstasy at her heart as he turned to come toward her.

Other persons were standing about. They did not seem to matter. She and Alec left them behind, and in the big car he put his arms about her and kissed her, and they were very happy. They went to his apartment, a penthouse high up above the world, and Susannah explored it, peeping into the kitchen where dinner for two was being cooked, stepping out to the terrace into the glorious winelike air. She put her coat on Alec's bed and arranged her hair at his mirror, and they sat on the great leather couch, and it was all enchantment.

There was an Irish cook in the kitchen, Delia, her sister Agnes her helper. Then there was Frost, who answered the bells and waited on the table, and Phillips, who drove the car. And in the bedroom was Liza, young and eager, beaming at the lovely young lady who was going to marry Mr. Hazeltynne. Everything ran smoothly, the little meal they two shared was perfection, and afterward it was heaven to go back to the drawing-room again, and turn the lights low, and lock fingers, and murmur on and on into the night as if there were no end to the things they had to say to each other. Life was suddenly right, was what she wanted it to be. Susannah felt that all the uncertainties and disappointments of the years were well worth while, that they might add savor and meaning to this hour.

(To be continued next week)



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Left Turn

Continued from page 15

Richter dropped a ten-foot putt and said calmly, "How about your club? I hear you're looking for a pro."

"But a left-handed pro?" Maestre exclaimed.

"I'll show you in two minutes why a left-handed golf instructor is better than a right-handed one," Richter told him. "Now I've been watching your driving today. You're way off. Face me and I'll show you something."

Richter took his left-handed stance. Maestre, facing him, took his right-handed position. Richter went through the motions of a swing.

"Now follow me from the start of the swing to the finish," Richter advised.

Maestre watched. Then he and Richter swung together. Again and again they went through the motions and now Maestre was mirroring Richter's swing.

"It's easy to catch onto your faults this way," Maestre said in wonderment. "It's like looking into a mirror."

Maestre finished the round, looking thoughtful, and a week later Richter was appointed the club professional. As a pro he has done well. He established course records at the Triple "A" Club and at Westwood in St. Louis, and he went to Catalina Island to set a new course record of 58. But Richter, although he is scratch man in St. Louis, has always been more interested in teaching golf than in competition.

There were a few left-handed golfers in the Triple "A" Club and often they'd sit disconsolately in the locker room looking vainly for partners. Judge Arthur V. Lashly, one-time prosecuting attorney and then judge of the circuit court, may be one of the most respected men in the state of Missouri but he'd sit there in the locker room while lesser citizens passed him with cold and icy stares. For Judge Lashly was a left-handed player. Monsignor John P. Spencer, pastor of St. Roch's Roman Catholic Church, is one of the best-known and best-loved clergymen in Missouri, but he too was a left-handed golfer and he was no more popular on the Triple "A" Course than was the judge.

Ben Richter, who had hurdled his own handicaps, got to thinking. When a left-hander gets to thinking—look out. Anything can happen.

Richter's brainstorm took a strange and very radical direction. He decided to organize the left-handed golfers. He consulted other southpaws. It is true that here and there sporadic attempts have been made to get the left-handers together in tournaments. The Miami-Biltmore Annual Tournament for left-handers is a Florida winter feature and there had been a couple of tournaments, one at White Sulphur and one at Cleveland, but these latter two only attracted a handful of entries.

A Call to Left Arms

Richter is a smart fellow. He didn't want laughter and ridicule to greet the formation of his new association of left-handed golfers. He enlisted the aid of Clarence Sullivan, a golfing expert of standing who writes a great deal for the golfing magazines. Sullivan (a right-hander himself) was at first patronizing, then interested, and finally entirely enthusiastic.

The upshot of it was that last year the Missouri state association of left-handed golfers was formed and a tournament held. This was a trial balloon. Richter wanted to find out whether the left-handers would rally to this call to arms (left arms, of course). The re-

sponse was surprising. Seventy-three men filed applications for the tournament and the affair (including the inevitable banquet afterward) was a huge success. Attracted by the novelty of the event, thousands of orthodox golfers from all over the Midwest came to watch. They went away shaking their heads in bewilderment.

"Why," they said wide-eyed, "these left-handed golfers act almost like ordinary folk."

Encouraged by the success of the tournament, Richter was emboldened to form a national organization of left-handed golfers. He wrote to thirteen hundred golf clubs asking for the names of their left-handed players. Less than forty per cent of the club presidents even answered. One can imagine them shuddering when they received Richter's letter

Want a Vacuum Cleaner?

However, Richter did get the names of 5,000 southpaw golfers. He wrote to them and they were enthusiastic about the idea of joining a national association. Then he announced the first tournament. It will be held at the Norwood Hills Country Club near St. Louis beginning September 21. There are two courses at the Norwood Club—a real championship course and an easier course. The tournament will be divided into two parts. The better players will compete on the championship course with the high-handicap golfers playing on the easier course. Chief interest among the St. Louis left-handed players is in the part of the tournament to be held on the easier course.

Already more than three hundred entries have poured in and by the time the entries close another two hundred are expected. Dozens of golfers are so enthusiastic that they insisted upon donating prizes. The prizes vary from a vacuum cleaner to a 5,000-mile airplane trip anywhere in the country. They are making the latter the blind-bogey prize.

I sat with Ben Richter on the pleasant porch of the Triple "A" Club and as he told me of his plans for the organization of left-handers he pulled a bunch of mail out of his pocket. He opened a letter.

"Now, this is typical of the letters we are getting with the entries," he said, and handed it to me.

It was from the president of a manufacturing firm in Massachusetts. "I want to enter your left-handed tournament," the letter read. "I congratulate you on starting to organize the real forgotten men of golf. I don't know what the entry fee is, so I enclose a blank check. Please fill it in."

"Just like a left-hander," I shuddered, thinking of the larcenous possibilities that lay in that blank check should it fall into the wrong hands—mine, for instance.

"What do you mean, 'just like a left-hander'?" Richter demanded sharply.

"I mean," I soothed him, "that all left-handers are sweet and generous and trusting and this man who sent the blank check just proves it."

Richter looked at me suspiciously, but that ended the incident. Richter had to leave anyhow. He was going to the ball park to watch the Yankees play the Browns.

"Lefty Gomez is pitching for the Yanks today," he explained. "I always go to watch Gomez pitch. You see he's a left-handed golfer too, and he might need a little moral support. Us left-handers," he added proudly, "stick together."

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Stage Entrance

Continued from page 26

"In the cellar next to the furnace," says Miss Conklin, reporting the facts literally.

Getting the Little Show job hadn't been easy because they also rather wanted their dancers to be able to dance. At the tryout Miss Conklin was disarmingly frank. "Don't be surprised if I stop halfway through," she advised the dance director.

"Don't be surprised if we stop you," said the gentleman with a nice wit.

But with that production she was done with the chorus. She next appeared in a series of dramatic productions so lacking in red corpuscles that they withered and died almost as soon as they saw the light of day. The first was Her Majesty's Car, which eventually had to shanghai Miriam Hopkins into being a star. She had a contract to do it for the Shuberts but after reading the script she went into a decline, professing to be suffering from such ailments that only long rest away from Her Majesty's Car could save her life. The Shuberts spoke to the sheriff and the sheriff spoke to Miss Hopkins and she accompanied it to its timely death.

Next for Miss Conklin was Purity, in which she played a prostitute and brought the flush of high laughter to the cheeks of Florence Reed, who was being starred.

"Little Peggy as a prostitute," cried Miss Reed, "and little Peggy still believing that babies are brought by storks."

It mattered little in any event because the play soon died the death. It foreshadowed Miss Conklin's actions during the rehearsals of Co-Respondent Unknown, where, in a scene which was to be quite a little daring, she appeared in such garbs of modesty as could only have been designed by Louisa Alcott.

The collapse of Her Majesty's Car and Purity was followed by equal disasters in Hilda Cassidy and Old Man Murfee, the latter production being distinguished by the actions of an important character who, in a state bordering on blotto, approached his first entrance by falling down the stairs from his dressing-room, with the result that the curtain went up and down on the play almost simultaneously.

When Hot Money Cooled

She had a summer season at Southampton with Hank Potter's company and experienced again the pangs of one who deals with the inebriated by being compelled to lug the leading man from one point on the stage to another, doing her own lines and all of his en route, and hoping that sobriety and memory would return to him if toted long enough.

"He was in fine shape at the end of the first act," says Peggy, "but they had to put me to bed. That was another curtain that came down for keeps."

The Southampton engagement got her a chance to read for a role in Mademoiselle, which starred Grace George and her daughter, Alice Brady. It was a family affair throughout. She read for Young Bill Brady and he said: "Why don't you go in and see Pop?"

She was therefore officially signed by William A. Brady.

Following that she was with The Party's Over and Hot Money, and the business arrangements in the latter still have her befuddled.

"I had been getting \$250 a week in Mademoiselle, but they told me I'd have a great chance in Hot Money and would I work for \$100? I finally said yes and then they came to me two or three days before opening and asked if \$80 would

be all right. That still wasn't so bad but the truth of it is that I only got \$60 for the first week and \$40 thereafter. I've been thinking it over since and I believe I got gypped."

She next went into Pursuit of Happiness, the bundling play. She played with Toni Selwart, who had a nice German accent and was enamored of a lady who was not too elated at the scenes in which Miss Conklin made love to him. The lady came to the theater one night with a gentleman who was equally distressed by what was happening on the stage. In the middle of a particularly sweet moment, this champion of morality raised himself from his orchestra chair and cried in a strained but stern voice: "Halt!"

Pursuit of Happiness had a long run in New York and Peggy was with the company which played it in London. She was seen there by Gilbert Miller and signed for Robert E. Sherwood's Petrified Forest, in which Leslie Howard was the star.

That Bad Dream Again

Peggy celebrated her entrance into that part by hobbling around on one foot. There are hundreds of theatergoers who will yell you down if you say she is not a permanent cripple. What happened was that she was driving up Riverside Drive in a fog on the way to Dobbs Ferry and ran into a retaining wall. The car was smashed and she got a bunched-up knee which didn't keep her from acting but which made her a martyr for two weeks.

After that she went out to Hollywood for Walter Wanger and made Her Master's Voice and One Way Ticket.

"Hectic, that's what," says Peggy. "Three weeks for each picture. You get so you can sleep standing up."

While there she read the script of Co-respondent Unknown and signed for it. In this one she played with James Rennie, who is another of the haphazard ones on the stage, managing to drop something every night, or get entangled in the lamp extensions or fall over the chairs. It never made any difference because Mr. Rennie is a good actor who can still be charming while resting on his ear from a slight mishap with a treacherous rug. In the third act Miss Conklin ate her breakfast with a relish which astonished even the most ancient stage-hands.

"It looked like eggs and things like that," she says, "but it was pineapple and peach, fruit juice and jam. The stuff which looked like whisky was colored water. After a while you get to hating that, too."

The Conklin girl is out in Hollywood again working on her contract with Wanger. During the summer she played tennis, fished and sailed a boat with her husband, James Thompson. It was a sailing yacht with a crew of three so it may be said that the days of struggle are over. If there is anything worrying Miss Conklin it is a dream which keeps recurring at steady intervals. It has to do with her first job as chorus girl in the Treasure Girl, and is mixed up with her career as an actress. Having secured that job with little ability as a dancer, she was always careful not to let the stage manager see her. She used to hide behind doors and sets and give herself nervous exhaustion trying to avoid him.

"You can never tell," she says with a slight shudder, "when they'll catch up on me and find I don't belong on the stage at all."

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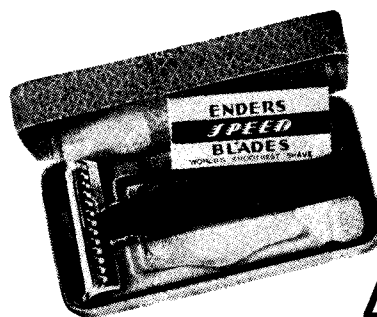
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Medicine Man

Continued from page 23

"Now, honey," he asked coaxingly, "is you gonter stand up and drink dis dranch, or is I'm gonter rope yo' haid up?"

"You ain't gonter rope her," the Widow Duck declared. "She ain't no mule."

"Efn she don't drink hit," Uncle Henry warned, "I'm gonter rope her."

He gathered up his drenching bottle, the salts and the funnel. He dipped both hands into the salts box.

The Widow Duck exploded. "Dat's enough salts to physic ev'body on de place!"

"Hit's what I gen'ally dostes," Uncle Henry argued.

"A mule, maybe, yes," the Widow Duck said. "But not no chile."

"Dat's how much I gived Queen," he insisted, "and Dawthy is older'n any mule in de lot."

"But she ain't big as no mule."

Uncle Henry hadn't thought of that.

"Come out hyar, Dawthy," he said, "and le's measure you up side er dis mule."

He led the sluggish child to Queen's side, shut one eye, and sighted.

"She 'bout ha'f as big," he decided. "I'll give her ha'f a doste."

Accordingly, he put one heaping handful of salts into the bottle and half filled it with water. Then he shook the mixture until the salts were dissolved.

"Now, hold yo' haid back," he instructed, "whilst I pours hit down."

"Nawp." Dawthy objected sullenly. It was the first time she had spoken since they had left the field, and her opposition surprised them all.

Uncle Henry wasted no time. Once more he grabbed Dawthy and, with the same lack of ceremony that attended the tongue palate operation, started to work the bottle neck into Dawthy's mouth.

Dawthy clamped her teeth. Uncle Henry held her nose. Dawthy began to yell. And the instant she parted her teeth, Uncle Henry slipped the bottle between them. There was nothing for her to do but keep swallowing as the medicine gurgled down her throat.

When the bottle was empty, Uncle Henry said gently, "You gonter feel mighty good. Dat medicine gonter cyore you up quick."

Addy-line took her daughter home and put her to bed. The Widow Duck returned to the field, uncertain in her mind as to the wisdom of what had taken place. But Uncle Henry felt pretty good about it all.

BY THE time the men and teams came in for the noon rest, Queen was feeling the effects of the liniment. Her hide smarted, and she found relief only in walking pertly about the lot.

"Queen lookin' mighty spry for a sick'n," Giles commented.

"Yeah, she feelin' good, now," Uncle Henry admitted.

The men and mules ate and returned to the field. Then Queen began to sweat. Uncle Henry watched her for a while, and then boiled a kettle full of water, dropped a few dried roots into it, and bathed the mule's belly, using green mullen leaves for a mop.

"Dis sho' gonter make you feel good," he promised. "Fust thing you know, you gonter git well, and get dat new collar, and den you'll be steppin' as proud as de next one."

By midafternoon, the excessive sweating had stopped, and Queen was well again. Uncle strolled over to Addy-line's cabin to see how Dawthy was.

"She doin' pretty good, now," Addy-line informed him. "Dem saltses got in dey lick, and she feelin' better."

Dawthy was lying on the bed. Uncle Henry noticed that she still wore the toby the hoodoo woman had hung about her neck. He resented the toby. He was proud of his medicine and wanted no aid from hoodoo.

"Better gimme dat toby, chile," he said. "Ain't nothin' Modom Aw-Bear kin put in a Run-Johnny sack kin cyore you."

"Nawp," Dawthy objected. "Hit's mine."

Uncle Henry caught the sack, and with a slight jerk, he broke the string that held it.

He swaggered back to the barn. Peace was upon his soul: Queen was well; he had outsmarted the Widow Duck and he had defied the hoodoo lady and he had cured Dawthy's case of "botts."

"I b'lieve," he decided, "I'll go dig Minnie a few worms. She a good fish."

THE digging was suddenly interrupted by the return of the mule doctor. He jumped from his car, rushed into the lot and looked around for Queen. "That sick mule," he said, "where is she?"

"She back in de barn, eatin' a little hay," Uncle Henry informed him.

"Eating?" demanded the doctor. "You mean to say she feels well enough to eat?"

"Yessuh," Uncle Henry replied. "She feelin' pretty good. How's yo' fo'ks?"

The mule doctor walked into the barn, caught Queen by the nose and started to put his hand on top of her head. The mule wheeled quickly and trotted away. No sick mule would put that much energy into escaping. The doctor was puzzled.

"Are you sure this is the mule that was sick this morning?"

"Yessuh, she de one."

"You gave her that medicine?"

"Jest like you say. Fust de dranch, and den de pill."

The doctor shook his head and walked away, muttering to himself.

Uncle Henry returned to his worm digging and was hard at it when the Widow Duck came into the lot.

"Henry," she began, "I ain't aimin' to nose in yo' business, but dat was a powerful physic you poured down Dawthy, dis maw'nin'."

"Hit was a right good doste," Uncle Henry admitted.

"Well," went on the Widow Duck, "Dawthy nor neither her mamma ain't smart enough to know what to do when de gripes sets in. Dat po' chile'll gripe herse'f to death, efn she don't git some sassafras tea down her. So le's I and you git some er dem roots you got dryin' in de gear-room and make—"

"You keep 'way f'm dat Dawtee! I make yo' eye blind!"

It was Modom Aw-Bear, jabbering broken English and 'Tchafalaya French curses at both Uncle Henry and the Widow Duck.

Uncle Henry looked frightened and backed away. "Go 'haid, now," he cautioned, "don't tetch me wid yo' hands—"

The clatter of hoofs distracted Modom Aw-Bear's attention from the lotman, and before she could resume her evil-eye attack Giles rode up to the lot.

"Is Queen daid yit?" he demanded.

"Naw, she 'bout well," Uncle Henry responded blithely. "She in de barn, eatin' a little bit."

Giles went into the barn and looked. "She ain't daid," he admitted. "And dat's funny. Two mules on Red Chute already daid, and one on Duke's Bend is about to die off."

"You wants her daid?" asked the lotman.

"Naw, fool!" Giles exploded. "But she due to be daid, on account er dat medicine de doctor left. He figgered dese mules been eatin' boll weevil pisen dat blowed in de feed, and he gived medicine to whup dat pizen. But dat was wrong, on account er hit was jest de dry grass bellyache—"

"Naw, she ain't daid," Uncle Henry repeated. "She might er lost off some fat, so's her collar gonter be too big for her. Maybe—"

"Did you give dat mule de medicine de doctor left?" Giles asked suspiciously.

"Sho'," lied Uncle Henry. "Brother pulled her haid up, and I drunched hit down her th'roat."

"And dat big pill, too?"

"Sho'."

"Brother he'p you give her dat?"

"Naw. I jest helt hit in my hand and say, 'Come on, Queen, and eat dis pill. Hit'll make you feel good.' And she et hit like hit was cawn."

"Dem pills," Giles stated, "swole dem Red Chute mules up, fit to bust." He caught Queen and prodded her belly and sides thoroughly. Her reactions were exactly those of a mule recently recovered from a mild case of grass colic.

"Put her on de line, in de mawnin'," the foreman ordered. "She a well mule now."

"Her collar," suggested Uncle Henry, once more, "gonter be kind er big—"

"Put a pad under it," said Giles, as he mounted and rode away.

When Giles had disappeared, Modom Aw-Bear attacked Uncle Henry once more. In her best-hoodoo voice she demanded:

"War dees peel you don' geeve de mule, non?"

"Go 'haid, Mis' Modom," Uncle Henry begged.

The hoodoo woman held out her hand. "Dees peel. I see you don' geeve. Wid my secon' eye, I see. Donnez-moi le peel!"

"I knowed you was lyin', too," the Widow Duck told him. "Efn Giles wan't so worried, he'd 'a' kitched you up, and runned you off for killin' a mule, only you didn't kill her."

Just then a yowl reverberated across the field from Addy-line's house, and Uncle Henry turned in time to see Addy-line pick up an axe and head toward the lot.

"Now, ladies, y'all git outn dis lot," he ordered, his tone more of an entreaty than a command.

"Dawthy dyin' off, and I'm gonter beat yo' haid wid de axe," Addy-line called, coming closer with slow determination.

She meant business. Uncle Henry knew he would have to do something and the quicker the better.

He leaped up and caught a crossbeam of the barn. Modom Aw-Bear grabbed

for his feet, but Uncle Henry scrambled up and sat astride the beam.

"I poin' my feengair," shrieked the hoodoo woman, "and you die! Zut!"

"Aw, shet up, fool," the Widow Duck commanded. "Henry, git me dem sassafras roots."

"Y'all git outn my way," yelled Addy-line, coming up and swinging her axe. "Henry, come down, or I'm gonter chop you down."

Giles galloped up once more and Uncle Henry was never so happy to see anybody in his life.

"Oh, Mist' Giles," he called from his perch, "make dese ladies—"

Giles looked up at Uncle Henry. "Come down, you buzzard," he said, "and take yo' jues. You lied to me and I kitched you."

"Aw, Mist' Giles—"

"Brother say you drunched dat mule wid salts instid er de stuff de doctor left."

"Well, you see, Mist' Giles," Uncle Henry began to explain. The Widow Duck interrupted.

"Don't set up dar and fuss about a mule," she said. "Dawthy is doubled up wid de gripes and won't nothin' but hot sassafras tea ease her. Henry, come on down hyar and git me dem roots!"

"Wid de peel he don' geeve," Modom Aw-Bear shouted, "I make toby cure for Daw-tee!"

THE sullen Addy-line was saying nothing. She drew back the axe and sunk the bit of it into an upright that supported the crossbeam upon which the lotman was sitting.

"Now, stop it," Giles demanded. "Y'all ladies—" He looked up at Uncle Henry again, and in spite of himself, he laughed. "Henry," he said, "dey sho' got you roostin' high."

"Henry poured a mule-doste er dem salteses down Dawthy," the Widow Duck told Giles, "and she bent double wid de gripes."

"He steal my toby f'm Daw-tee," whined the hoodoo lady.

Giles took charge of the situation.

"Addy-line," he ordered, "take dat axe back to de house. Henry, you give Mis' Duck dem sassafras roots, so's she kin ease dat chile's bellyache. And give dat pill to de Modom hyar. Hit won't hurt nobody, long as she keep hit in a Run-Johnny sack. And me? I ought to run you off for lyin' 'bout dat medicine. But cause old Queen ain't daid, I'll let you go, dis time. Now y'all git started!"

Uncle Henry climbed down, gave the Widow Duck some sassafras roots, and recovered the pill for Modom Aw-Bear. Then he went back to digging worms.

"I swear," he grumbled, "Minnie sho' is a fool about worms. She work me to death, jest diggin' worms for her."



Howard Chandler Christy, noted painter and illustrator, working on one of his world famous "Christy Girl" portraits

A Word Picture of 1/80,000 of an inch

By Howard Chandler Christy
Noted Artist and Illustrator

IN THE YEARS that I have worked with palette and brush, I have painted many pictures . . . pictures of objects ranging in size from the delicate petals of a fruit blossom to the lumbering bulk of an elephant. But now I find myself doing a word picture of something so infinitesimal that it is invisible to the human eye.

My curiosity had been aroused by the experiences of Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter, Walter Pitkin and others who had watched the amazing process which gives razor blades shaving edges so keen they measure only 1/80,000 of an inch.

Consequently, I decided to make a visit to the Gillette Safety Razor factory where this wonder is performed. The almost unbelievable things I saw there led me to lay aside my brushes and paints for once . . . and turn to words for expression.

There I saw the grinding machines that are responsible for the amazingly keen shaving edges I had heard about. Incredible as it may seem, these gigantic machines, weighing four tons, are actually adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch. Honing wheels of exclusive design give 50 times the sharpening effect of old style methods. And abrasives as fine as cake flour are used to give the Gillette Blade not only the sharpest,

but the smoothest-shaving edges that modern science is able to produce.

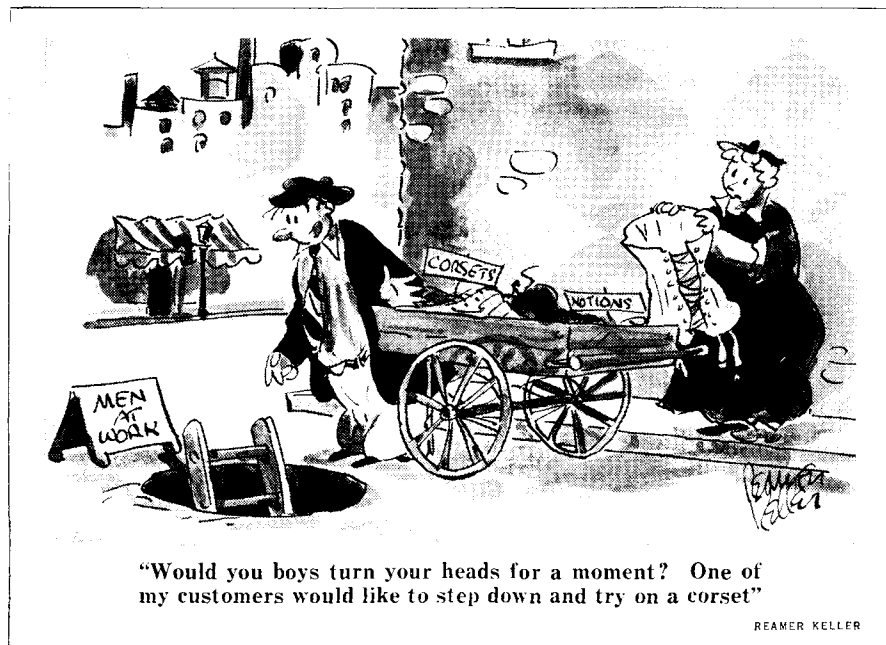
But this was only one of the many processes through which Gillette Blades must pass before they get their final okeh. Earlier in the day my guide had led me into a huge, spotlessly clean room where I noticed a series of long box-like contrivances. Imagine my astonishment when I learned that these devices, so cool on the outside that you could rest your hand upon them, were the famous electric furnaces which harden Gillette Blade steel at an approximate temperature of 1500 degrees.

Each of these amazing furnaces is equipped with a remarkable little black box which can tell in an instant whether the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Automatically a signal is flashed to a complicated battery of switches and instantly the temperature is raised or lowered according to the demands of the metal.

With such amazing equipment and such high standards of workmanship, is it any wonder that the Gillette Blade gives one perfect shave after another? Yes, I know now that the only way to get a perfect shave is to use the perfect blade, and that, of course, is the Gillette Blade.

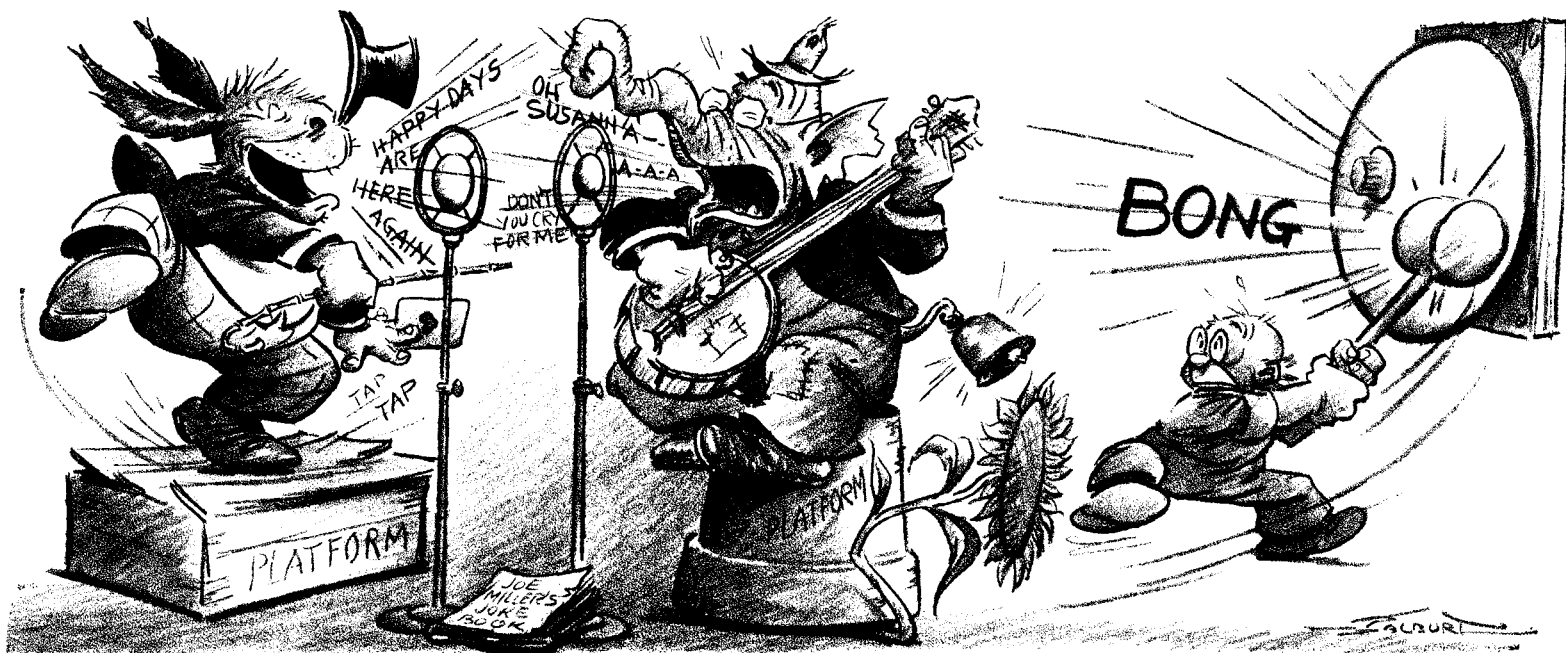
Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



"Would you boys turn your heads for a moment? One of my customers would like to step down and try on a corset"

REAMER KELLER



After the Ball

P. T. BARNUM, the old circus ballyhoo artist, doubtless would have enjoyed this summer's national political conventions. The master minds of the two major political parties seemed chiefly concerned with putting on an entertaining show. Music, noise, rough comedy and the milling-around indulged in by schoolboys after a football game were the planned acts of these national vaudeville exhibitions.

Not even the most partisan would have called either convention a deliberative assembly. No doubt existed concerning the renomination of President Roosevelt by the Democrats. Very little doubt existed concerning the nomination of Governor Landon by the Republicans once the delegates began to assemble at Cleveland. Wooden men and women or an electric voting machine could have done just as much thinking about candidates.

The delegates in convention assembled had not much to say about the platforms. The Democrats rubber-stamped the platform written at the President's behest. Nobody at Philadelphia seriously questioned the adoption of the platform drawn up in Washington. Anyone who secretly disagreed with the 1936 statement of Democratic principles discreetly kept his mouth closed.

Republican delegates had little more to do with the formulation of Republican principles. The convention ratified practically without comment the platform committee's statement. Governor Landon amended the platform by interpretation before he accepted the nomination. So far as the record showed, the delegates were merely present and voting.

The actual proceedings of the conventions did not make pleasant impressions upon those who listened. It was a disillusioning experience for any thoughtful citizen concerned about his country's welfare. If the political managers are to continue to stage these variety shows, they will do well to improve the level of their performances. This

summer's conventions won few votes for either party.

The party managers have drifted into a situation which they have not paused to understand. The radio is the new complicating factor.

Before 1924 only those present in the convention hall heard what was going on. The Democratic convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924 marked the beginning of the broadcasting of conventions. The dreary struggle between the adherents of William G. McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith informed the nation of the arrival of this new device of publicity.

Since the Madison Square Garden convention, managers have sought to avoid wrangling within the hearing of radio listeners. In so doing, unintentionally, no doubt, but not less effectually, they have sucked most of the meaning out of the proceedings. It is well enough not to wash dirty party linen in public but it is extreme to make a puppet show of the conventions in the interest of party regularity.

If the conventions are to survive as efficient political machinery the delegates will have to be given some responsibility. If, on the other hand, the conventions are to be merely stages for the entertainment and possibly the instruction of the radio listeners, radical changes must be made in the nature and quality of the shows.

The technique of the old rabble-rousing political orators is ill adapted to broadcasting. The hoarse shouting, the gasping emphasis, the grotesque exaggerations of voice and words, not to mention thought, which proved successful in the pre-radio political era are no longer vote catchers. The professional school of broadcasters has taught the public to demand something different and maybe better. Certainly the voices and the enunciation of the successful broadcasters are vastly better than anything the political spellbinders have offered.

If the political managers are to make votes

over the radio, they must shut off the raucous voices of the shouters. President Roosevelt is generally conceded to have the best radio manner of any of the conspicuous political leaders. His old ally and present enemy, Alfred E. Smith, was less fortunate. Al Smith's East Side New York accent cost him the votes of many who do not like to be reminded of New York.

The only really successful political show this summer was the open-air meeting at the University of Pennsylvania athletic field when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was let in on the secret of his nomination. Good symphonic music aided by the singing of a famous opera star prepared listeners for the President's speech of acceptance.

The use of electrical devices for broadcasting is, however, the essential novelty. The steam calliope was a good political trick generations before any candidate would admit even knowing the meaning of a symphony. Torchlight processions and red fire stimulated political fervor in past generations.

The natural result of this insidious change in political methods is an immense increase in the burdens and the responsibilities of the candidates. The load of this year's struggle will be borne by just two men. The conventions were tiresome and silly. The deliberations of the delegates were obliterated by the fancied necessities of the radio show. Only the candidates remain. The platforms are what the candidates say they are.

So during the next three months we shall be considering the respective claims of two men who stand practically alone in a great campaign. Each of the rivals must make his own claims to consideration. Finally forty to fifty million of us will reach a decision. By the time we vote we may have forgotten the nonsense which was broadcast from Cleveland and Philadelphia and so render a rational judgment. In the process we shall not, however, have been greatly aided by the conventions arranged for our enlightenment by the managers of the two great parties.

VALUE

IT is a common error to confuse the words "price" and "value." Actually, "value" is what you get for the price you pay.

Ford believes truck "value" should combine high quality and low price . . . that it should include low operating cost, low-cost maintenance and long-lasting performance. The cost records of truck owners confirm Ford's idea of value. Here are two examples:

1 A contractor reports that he was able to take a profitable construction job on the basis of open bids because his Ford V-8 Trucks gave him the necessary combination of high power, easy handling and low operating cost.

2 A retailer was able to give his customers better service and turn losses into profits because of the low depreciation, interest, repair costs and idle time of his Ford equipment.

These examples prove that V-8 Economy is OVER-ALL ECONOMY . . . that it includes savings in fuel and oil, tires, taxes, license fees, insurance, interest, wages, depreciation, capital investment and repairs. Call your Ford dealer today and set a date for an "on-the-job" test, with your own loads, under your own operating conditions.

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